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GEN. PHILEMON THOMAS

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MEMORANDA

concerning some branches of the

HAWKINS FAMILY AND CONNECTIONS

BY

GENL. JOHN PARKER HAWKINS, U. S. ARMY

People who never look back on their Ancestors
Will never look forward to Posterity

Think of your Ancestors and emulate them
wherein they deserve emulation

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PREFACE

I am aware of the incompleteness and imperfections of this account of the Hawkins family, but have caused it to be printed for distribution, with the hope that my work may be the basis of a more complete and satisfactory history by some member of the family who may be afforded better facilities than have been accorded myself for a satisfactory work.

I especially suggest to such persons that the records of Cardiff and other places in Wales be examined to trace the Hawkins family. Some of William Hawkins' family went over to Wales.

Indianapolis, Indiana. JOHN P. HAWKINS.

1913.

The Hawkins Family of Devonshire, England.

The following information is derived from an account of the Hawkins family contained in a book, "The Plymouth Armada Heroes," by Miss Mary W. S. Hawkins, Buckfastleigh, South Devon, England, a descendant of Sir John Hawkins, Admiral:

Margaret Hawkins, daughter of ———— Hawkins, married William Amadas, Sergeant-at-Arms to Henry VIII. Joan Amadas, the only child, married John Hawkins, Esq., probably a cousin, living at Tavistock (Devon).

CHILDREN (3).

William, Captain R. N., Lord of the Manor of Sutton Valletore (or Vawter); Mayor of Plymouth, 1532; M. P. for Plymouth, 1552. He established English trade with the South Seas.

Henry, Clerk in Orders; deceased 1554.

Agnes, married Walter Trelawney, of St. Germans.

William Hawkins, Captain R. N., married Joan Trelawney.

CHILDREN.

William, Mayor of Plymouth 1567-8, 1578-9, 1587-8; commanded the "Griffin" in the fight against the Spanish Armada; died October 7th, 1589.

John (the Admiral), born 1532; Treasurer and Comptroller of the Navy; Port Admiral of Plymouth; Admiral in the Armada victory; Member of Parliament 1571-2; died at sea off Porto Rico, November 12th, 1595, after forty-three years of service. The genealogical table of Miss Hawkins gives a detailed statement of the children and near descendants of Sir John.

William Hawkins (brother of the Admiral),married, second, Marie Halse.

CHILDREN.

William, R. N., son of first wife.

Richard.

Francis, born 1584.

Nicholas, born 1582; baptized at St. Andrew's, Plymouth.

William, born February 29th, 1587. (He had two sons named William, both mentioned in his will.)

Judith.

Clare.

Mary, married 1601.

The above children were probably all born at Plymouth. Their descendants have not been traced by Miss Hawkins, and I do not know that any effort has been made by anyone to trace them.

Referring to the above Nicholas, there was also a *Nicholas*, grandson of the Admiral, born at Slapton, March 31st, 1639. There was a Robert Hawkins, of Biddeford, descendant of the Admiral, whose will, made in 1680, mentions his wife, Jane, and his brothers, Nicholas and Thomas. The name Nicholas seems to have been used in the families of both William and the Admiral.

In the Spring of 1895 I was in Raleigh, North Carolina, and called on Mrs. William Hawkins, who resided there. The Hawkins family of North Carolina left Virginia and settled in North Carolina about 1735. Their emigrant ancestor, Philemon Hawkins, came to Virginia in 1715, and many circumstances go to show that he settled near to an ancestor of mine, John Hawkins, of King William. The North Carolina family and my branch of the family have, for many generations, carried "Philemon" as a family name. I was very kindly welcomed as a relation by Mrs. Hawkins, and she informed me that the colored maid in presenting my card to her remarked: I never saw the gentleman before, but he is a Hawkins," and Mrs. Hawkins, whom I had never previously met, was of the same opinion as to my resemblance to her branch of the family. She informed me that the maid could not read, so she could not have known my name from the card. The incident would also show that a strong family resemblance exists among the Hawkins of North Carolina.

In 1893 I sent my photograph to Miss Hawkins, of Devonshire (a descendant of the Admiral). She did not acknowledge receipt of it for some time, and excused the delay because of the recent death of her father. She remarked of the photograph, "which is rather like my father, and he was considered so like

our portrait of Sir John.'' The fact of this likeness is confirmed and emphasized by the following incident:

In the Fall of 1897 I was in London, staying at a house frequented by English people. One day a gentleman in the house was introduced to my wife, and he remarked that on his arrival the previous day he saw General Hawkins in the hall and was greatly startled for he was the exact image of a friend of his, a Mr. Hawkins, of Devonshire, recently deceased. This was the father of Miss Hawkins above referred to.

I afterwards made the acquaintance of Miss Hawkins, and was struck with her likeness to my sister, Margaret Speed. Between this sister and myself there has always been a strong resemblance.

During the past summer, 1912, I was was at Northfield, Mass., and was there introduced to a Miss Chapman, who informed me that she was of English birth. I asked her what part of England she came from. She said Devonshire. I then asked her if she knew any Hawkins people there. She said yes, had gone to school with them and added, ''and you look just like them.''

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the celebrated author, one time Chaplain of the United States Senate, wrote me June 26th, 1896, that he had a Hawkins descent through John Bouchier Sears (deceased 1540), who married Elizabeth Hawkins (of the Admiral's family). As the Admiral was born in 1532, Elizabeth must be of a date at least one generation previous to him. Dr. Hale said: ''We think we find a likeness between the bust of Hawkins and one of my sons, Arthur Hale.''

I elsewhere mention that my nephew, Austin P. Speed, noted a marked resemblance between myself and a stranger to him, a descendant of Captain John Hawkins, Commissary of Provisions.

To recapitulate somewhat: It appears that there is a family likeness between many members of the different branches of the Hawkins family in America, embracing the Hawkins family of North Carolina, which claims descent from Sir John, the Admiral; the family of General William O. Butler, claiming descent from William, a brother of the Admiral; the family of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, having a probable descent from an ancestry previous to the Admiral (a member of the same resem-

bling a picture of the Admiral); my own family, that has always claimed to be of the same family as the Admiral, members of which in the present generation show a likeness to descendants of the Admiral and also a likeness to the North Carolina family, the William O. Butler family (Captain John Hawkins, Commissary of Provisions), and a likeness to the Nathan Byrd Hawkins family, of Portland, Indiana.

The family of Captain John Hawkins, Fifth Maryland; that of North Carolina, and my own family, have had for several generations the name Philemon as a family name. This would indicate a similar origin. The Maryland family claim descent from William, brother of the Admiral. Captain John Hawkins, Fifth Maryland, claims ancestry from an emigrant to Maryland in 1650, and Captain John Hawkins, Adjutant Third Virginia Regiment, had an ancestor emigrant to Maryland the same date. They doubtless had the same ancestor.

It may be affirmed as a rule in heredity that where a number of individual organisms, animal or vegetable, clearly resemble one another, they must have been derived from the same stock, and in the case of the Hawkins families here mentioned, though their actual kinship to John or William has not yet been traced, yet it may be assumed as a certainty that the father of these brothers, William Hawkins, Captain Royal Navy, who married Joan Trelawney, and the Admiral were ancestors of my branch of the family, and of those branches mentioned in this writing, and of other branches not here named, now living in the United States.

It may be assumed that there is some physical trait in my family that has been transmitted through ancestors for a period of now four hundred years. It is a wonderful example of the force of what may be termed a centripetal heredity; the more remarkable because I am not aware of any special peculiarity or mark in those of my blood that might be expected to reappear from one generation to another, but sure it is that our family, whether in England, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Indiana, Virginia, or Kentucky, has maintained a distinctive feature in looks that impresses others with their similitude, and this in opposition to the natural tendency or forces of diverse climates and

environments that make for variation and the obliteration of original characteristics.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, ADMIRAL.

John Hawkins was born at Plymouth, Devonshire, in 1532; was well educated, particularly in mathematics and navigation, and commenced his career as a navigator at an early age, making voyages to Spain, Portugal, and the Canary Islands.

It was during these voyages that he learned about the West Indies (all of them belonging to Spain), and learned that negroes were in demand at San Domingo and that they could be procured on the Guinea Coast. He formed a company of traders, and with three ships he sailed in 1562 to Sierra Leone, where he loaded with a cargo of negroes and sold them at different ports in San Domingo. This was followed by other like voyages and traffic.

Hawkins has been stigmatized as the first one to introduce slaves into America, but such is not the case. Charles Fifth authorized the importation of negroes into the West Indies as early as 1517 (forty-five years before Hawkins' expedition), and in 1551 he offered for sale a license for the importation of seventeen thousand negroes. Up to 1562 the slave trade had been a monoply of the Spaniards and Portugese, but after Hawkins broke into this monopoly it was engaged in by other English subjects, under the protection of the English Government, and under treaty rights, and was not discontinued but maintained by the English Government up to 1807, when it was abolished after an existence of almost two hundred and fifty years.

It may be noted that in all the early narratives of these times there is no intimation that there was any wrong connected with it. It was a period when the elect chose to consider that God had given them the heathen for an inheritance, and human rights had so little influence in the minds of many good men that even religious schismatics and heretics were judged as proper subjects for slavery, as witness the following letter from Cotton Mather in 1681, the original of which is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society:

"To the Aged and Beloved John Higginson:

"There be now at sea a ship (for our friend Elias Holeroft,

of London did advise me by the last packet that it would be some time in August) called the Welcome, which has on board a hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with William Penn, the scamp, at the head of them.

"The General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Haxett, of the brig Porpoise, to waylay said Welcome, as near the end of Cape Cod as may be, and make captives of Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people.

"Much spoil may be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch great prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but shall make great gain for His ministers and people. Yours in the bonds of Christ, Cotton Mather."

The John Higginson to whom the letter was addressed was a Puritan minister at Salem, Mass., a pillar of the church and an active opponent of the Quakers. Having due regard for the times in which he lived, Cotton Mather was a good man; but was not a Christian beyond his day and generation, and no doubt he advised selling the Quakers into slavery as more merciful than burning them. But the idea is repellant and it is pitiful to have his record and John Higginson's associated with Rum and Slavery.

The following is a further example of a habit of thought, at a period a little more than one hundred years ago.

Ezra Stiles, a clergyman and educator,—1727-1795,—President of Yale College, accounted, at home and abroad, as the most learned and accomplished divine of his day, when a parish minister at Newport, Rhode Island, writes this in his diary of one of his parishioners late deceased.

"God had blessed him with a good estate, and he and his family have been eminent for hispitality to all and charity to the poor and afflicted. At his death he recommended religion to his children, and told them that the world was nothing. The only external blemish on his character was that he was addicted to the marvelous in stories of what he had seen in his voyages and travels, but in his dealings he was punctual, upright and honest, and (except the fly in the ointment, the disposition to

tell marvelous stories) in all other things he was sober, of good moral character, respected and beloved by all, so as to be almost without enemies. He was forward in all the concerns of the church and congregation, consulting its benefits and peaceably falling in with the general sense, without exciting quarrels, parties, etc., and even when he differed from his brethren, he so differed from them that they loved him amidst the difference. He was a peaceable man and promoted peace.

"He was for many years a Guinea Captain, and had no doubt of the slave trade."

But Stiles does not refer to this as constituting a "fly in the ointment." This was written in 1773, but in 1785 Dr. Stiles speaks of the slave trade as "a most iniquitious trade in the souls of men." He would *then* have noted it as a very large fly in the ointment, twelve years having given him a new light and language to express his abhorrence.

Sir John Hawkins died in 1595. Dr. Stiles was of the sixth generation from that date. It required two hundred years of Christian progress to give him a conscience to denounce the traffic. The world moves ahead by slow evolution, and it is not in the line of fairness or good judgment to harshly condemn the historic characters of any age for being permeated with, and influenced by, the ideas of their times, and so acting in unison with their environments.

English contemporary writers say of Sir John Hawkins: "He was graceful in his youth, and a grave and reverend aspect as he advanced in years; a skilful mathematician, with a thorough knowledge of maritime affairs; of an almost unbounded capacity for work; an upright administrator who for forty-eight years was in the active service of his country; submissive to his superiors and courteous to his inferiors, extremely affable to his seamen and remarkably loved by them; merciful, forgiving, and faithful to his word; the ablest seaman of his day, and the best shipwright that England had ever produced; of all the Elizabethan galaxy, the most nearly to approach the typical Englishman; a very wise, pious, vigilant, true-hearted man; the very solidity of his virtues, the very greatness of his deeds have caused them to be inadequately esteemed. His popularity among his

neighbors was great, and he was three times elected a member of Parliament."

It may be termed an assumption of self righteousness for this generation to enter judgment, according to present standards for Christian conduct, against the noted worthy Puritans, Cotton Mather and John Higginson,—the pious and kindly parishioner of Ezra Stiles,—or the renowned Sea Captain,—a hero of the Armada victory,—Admiral Sir John Hawkins.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY BRANCH OF THE HAWKINS FAMILY.

The earliest record that I have discovered of my branch of the Hawkins family in America is in a grant of land to John Hawkins, of King William County, Virginia, in 1731, and in Deed Book A, Page 136, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, record of a Deed to him of four hundred acres of land on the Pamunky on both sides of the mouth of Terry's Run, or Gigging River. This John Hawkins is again mentioned as recently deceased, in Deed Book D, Page 17, Spotsylvania County, November 16th, 1742, where it appears that his wife's name was Mary, and the following children were mentioned:

Joseph=Jane ————; died 1769.

Philemon=Sarah Smith, about 1743; died 1779.

Elizabeth=George Smith (a brother of Sarah).

Phoebe=Charles Smith (a brother of Sarah).

Mary=Taliafero Craig; died 1804. Parents of the Baptist preachers, Lewis and Elijah Craig.

The will of Joseph Hawkins is recorded in Deed Book D, Page 525, Spotsylvania County, March 30th, 1769, wherein he mentions his wife, Jane; his children, John, Joseph, Lucy and Sarah. His brother Philemon was one of the witnesses.

Elizabeth Hawkins I have no certain knowledge of. It is *probable* that the Frances Smith who married the Rev. Elijah Craig was her daughter. It will be noticed hereafter that a George Smith and many of the Craig or Hawkins connection were present on the 3rd of July, 1784, at a church meeting at South Elkhorn. It is also probable that he and his wife were of the "Traveling Church."

Phoebe Hawkins: I have had some correspondence with Mr.

John Philemon Smith, of Sharpsburg, Md., and he informs me that he has an Uncle Philemon Smith in Gaithersburg, Md., who says he often heard his father speak of his Aunt Sally Hawkins. The father of John Philemon Smith was John Hawkins Smith, and his grandfather's name was Philemon McElfresh Smith. I have no doubt that my correspondent is a descendant of Phoebe Hawkins. The records of Spotsylvania or Orange County would probably show the facts.

Philemon Hawkins and Sarah Smith (her father was Stephen Smith) were my ancestors. In the records of Spotsylvania County is the following, under the heading of "Colonial Militia":

Order Book, 1749-1755.

"Philemon Hawkins, Gentleman, commissioned to be Captain of a Company of Foot; took the oath February 5th, 1750."

It was the custom in Virginia to divide each County into Military Districts, each District raising a Company. The entire force of the County being under the command of a Colonel.

Commencing July 21st, 1755, he was enrolled as Captain in the Second Virginia Regiment commanded by Col. William Byrd, in the war between Great Posetam and France, in 1780. His heirs were granted a warrant by the State of Virginia for 3,000 acres of land for his services as Captain. This warrant, according to Kentucky records, was entered by Elijah Craig. Any female descendant of Philemon Hawkins is entitled to membership in the Society of Colonial Dames. Philemon Hawkins, as the most distinguished of his family in those early days, is entitled to be honored by those of his blood by perpetuating the name of Philemon through future generations. The name seems to have been in the family in the old country. Maryland records show a Philemon Lloyd Hawkins as an emigrant from Wales.

Philemon Hawkins' will is recorded in Book 2, Page 334, Spotsylvania County, May 6th, 1779. He mentions his children as follows:

John, born August 29th, 1744; married first, Margaret Jameson, 1767; second, Sarah Johnson, April 13th, 1771.

Joseph, no record.

Frances (or Frankie), married Richard Thomas.

Philemon, married Catharine Craig, daughter of Lewis Craig.

Lucy, married Jeremiah Craig. Lewis and Jeremiah were sons of Taliaferro Craig and Mary Hawkins.

The above John Hawkins was my great grandfather. My great grandmother, Margaret Jameson, died September 12th, 1770. His will, made October 30th, 1804, was probated September, 1806, at Georgetown, Ky. The children mentioned in his will were as follows. (The first two are children of Margaret Jameson.):

Jameson, born August 21st, 1768; married Ruth Ann Threlkeld.

Philemon, born July 13th, 1770; married Elsie Lewis, December 3rd, 1799.

Peggy, married Harry Cave.

Sally Smith, married Thomas P. Thomas (a cousin).

Nancy, married William Cason. (A grandson of Nancy. John D. Cason, lives in Pomona, California.)

John, married Joanna Harrison.

Fanny, married General Philemon Thomas (a cousin); his second wife.

Betsey, married William Faulkner. (A son or grandson was Alexander—"Sandy"—Faulkner, celebrated as the author of the "Arkansas Traveler," who died about 1861.)

William, married Lydia Todd Francis; was born July 10th, 1784; died July 8th, 1845; was at the battle of New Orleans. A descendant married her cousin, John D. Cason. The family of William moved to Howard County, Missouri.

Lucinda, married ——— Davis subsequent to 1805. She had two daughters; they moved to Missouri about 1825.

Katy Hawkins. I have no record of her.

My great grandfather, John Hawkins, emigrated to Kentucky in 1788, stopping first at Bryans Station. Two or three years afterward he moved to Scott County and settled on a farm near Georgetown, on the Frankfort road, in the neighborhood of the "Great Crossing" of the Elkhorn. He and his wife, Sarah, are buried on the farm. The large stone house built by him is still standing; an addition of brick is built in front of it, so that it is not visible from the road. The graves are in an enclosure,—a stone wall,—about fifty yards to the rear of the house. The farm was purchased by him from Patrick Henry. They were

members of the "Great Crossing" Baptist Church. I have no record that would identify this John Hawkins as a soldier of the Revolution, but my grandfather Jameson Hawkins always said that his father bore an honorable part therein; that he was an officer, and that on one occasion, in a fight in the woods, he lost an epaulette. My grandfather was fifteen years old at the close of the War, and had intimate personal relations with his father for more than twenty years after the close, and as he was a person of unusual intelligence and strict veracity, there is every reason to believe his statement as true, and as according to his own knowledge.

Francis (or Frankie) Hawkins, who married Richard Thomas, had the following children: Philemon, David, Rowland, Thomas P., and five daughters. A daughter, Sally, married a Harrison; another daughter, Lucy, married a son of Catherine Craig and Philemon Hawkins. Philemon Thomas became distinguished in Louisiana as a politician and a miliary man; his first wife was Mary, a daughter of Lewis Craig; he was in Kentucky as early as 1791, probably much before that date; was a member of the Kentucky Legislature.

Referring back to Joseph, the brother of my great grandfather, John Hawkins, I have no record of him, but my cousin, Sally Hawkins Long (now deceased, and to whom I am indebted for much family history) once wrote me: "Our grandfather, Jameson Hawkins, had three cousins who at one time lived in Boone County, Ky. Joseph and Thomas Hawkins and their sister, Mrs. Sally Forman or Firman. The first two died in Kentucky. Sally moved to Boone or Callaway County, Missouri, with her two sons, Joseph and Ben. I remember them well."

"Thomas never married. Cousin Joe had no children, but a great deal of brains, money and piety." I think it very probable that these cousins were the children of Joseph, the brother of my great grandfather, John.

Jameson Hawkins, my grandfather, married Ruth Ann Threlkeld, October 4th, 1786. She was born, December 5th, 1766, in Culpeper County, Virginia. He died at Indianapolis, September 16th, 1840; she died December 29th, 1852; both are buried at Crown Hill Cemetery in the lot of a grandson, Nicholas McCarty.

Jameson Hawkins emigrated with his father to Kentucky in

1788; moved afterward to Boone County to a farm near Burlington, and for several periods represented that County in the Kentucky Legislature; he was a person of good physique, well read, an impressive speaker, and for many years an exhorter in the Baptist church, before being regularly ordained in 1830. His wife, Ruth Ann Threlkeld, was the daughter of John Threlkeld and Nancy Johnson. John Threlkeld was a soldier in the War of the Revolution; belonged to Captain Mercer's Company, Third Virginia Regiment. The name is printed "Thraikill" in Saffell, an erroneous and not an unusual spelling, and very much as pronounced. He returned from the War, but died soon after reaching home,—about 1780,—from sickness incident to the service. His father was Henry Threlkeld, who died in 1776.

My great grandmother, Nancy Johnson Threlkeld, had three brothers,—Andrew, William and John. Her children were, Jesse, Ruth Ann (born 1766), Margaret, Sarah, William (born 1769). Margaret married William Cave, born in Orange County, Virginia, about 1740, and came to Kentucky with the "Traveling Church." He was the son of Benjamin Cave, who frequently represented that County in the Assembly. In May, 1785, he helped to form the "Great Crossing Church"; about 1795 he moved to Boone County; died in 1806. A son or grandson, John Cave, lived in our family in Covington, Indiana, and was a clerk in my father's store; died about 1834. I do not know if others of that family are still living. Sarah married William Rodgers. William married Sally Burt. A son of the latter was killed at the battle of New Orleans. Her mother was Hannah Greene. A letter from Mr. Cyrus Threlkeld, of Uniontown, Ky., informs me that after the death of her husband, Nancy Johnson (Threlkeld) moved to Kentucky in company with Toliver Craig, Jr., her uncle by marriage, her brother, Andrew Johnson, and others. It would therefore appear that my great grandmother was of the notable band, members of the Spotsylvania Baptist Church, that accompanied Lewis Craig, their pastor, in his emigration to Kentucky in 1781, for the name of Toliver Craig, Jr., is in the list,—(a very incomplete list).—of those who, starting from Virginia in October, 1781, endured the hardships of a winter march to find a home in Kentucky, where they could rest secure from the persecutions they had endured. For an account

of this march see "The Traveling Church," a paper read before the Filson Club of Louisville, Ky. And in this connection is to be noted that Deed Book I, Page 684, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, August 11th, 1781, shows that Philemon Hawkins, Catharine Craig, his wife, and his mother, Sarah Hawkins (my great grandmother) sold the farm on which they lived on the Pamunkey, and it is extremely probable that these also were of the "Traveling Church."

It will be borne in mind that Catherine was a daughter of Lewis Craig, the pastor of the church. There is record of this Philemon Hawkins and his wife, Catharine, being in Kentucky as early as 1784, several years before my great grandfather, John, came in 1788. They are mentioned as members of the Great Crossing Church, Scott County, July 30th, 1784. The Sarah Johnson who married John Hawkins as his second wife was a sister of Nancy Threlkeld, so that Jameson Hawkins and Ruth Ann Threlkeld were step-cousins, but no blood kin. After the death of her husband, Catharine Craig married ———— King.

The children of Jameson Hawkins (my grandfather) and Ruth Ann Threlkeld were as follows:

John (my father), born August 15th, 1787; married Elizabeth Waller at or near Paris, Ky., January 31st, 1816; died October 11th, 1841, at Crawfordsville, Ind.

Gabriel, born at Bryan Station, Ky., December 4th, 1788; married Elizabeth Bradford, October 24th, 1813; died August 1st, 1836, at Lexington, Mo.

Elijah, born October 7th, 1796; married Sophia Bradford, September 11th, 1814; died August 30th, 1841, at Hannibal, Mo.

Philemon, born January 24th, 1792; died September 26th, 1858; married, first, Mary White, April 8th, 1824; second, Sina Arnold, March 20th, 1836; third, Lydia Elston, August 11th, 1853. Children: Canby, born April 10th, 1859=Elnora Polk, born September 22nd, 1880. Children: Vesa Polk, born August 27th, 1883=Clarence P. Newcomb, born June 6th, 1906, lives at Basela Las Ainas County, Colorado. Canby Hawkins lives at Weston, Missouri.

Margaret, born October 26th, 1793; married Nicholas McCarty July 27th, 1828, in Boone County, Kentucky; died July 18th, 1873, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Moses, born January, 1795; married Ann Everett; died December 30th, 1853, near Hannibal, Mo.

Sarah Ann, born March 8th, 1797; unmarried; died November 3rd, 1862.

Sally, born November, 1788; died February 10th, 1811.

Philemon Hawkins, the second son of John Hawkins and Margaret Jameson, who married Elsie Lewis December 3rd, 1799, died in Boone County, Ky., November 2nd, 1825, and was buried at Middle Creek Church, Boone County. She died December 10th, 1854. Soon after the death of her husband she moved to Missouri and settled in Ralls County, where, and in adjoining counties, some of her descendants now live. I am indebted to her grandson, John F. Hawkins, of Hawkins Station, Mo., for valuable information concerning the family. Some of Philemon's children remained in Kentucky. One of them, Fanny, the oldest daughter, married Benjamin Bledsoe; they lived in Mason County. Sally Bledsoe, a daughter, married Archibald Alexander; they moved to Boone County, Ind., and lived on a farm near Jamestown, and were always called by us "Cousin Alexander." She was a dear friend of my father, a very religious woman, a member of the Christian church, and highly esteemed by all who knew her.

Archibald Alexander used to represent Boone County in the State Legislature; they had a son, Paxton, who married and raised a family; a daughter of Paxton married I. H. Brill, Pittsboro, Ind.; a son lives in Mound City, Mo.; the latter has whatever Alexander records there may be. Another daughter (Bledsoe) married John Magee; there were two children by this marriage, one of them the mother of Dr. M. P. Robinson, of Lexington, Ky., and his sister, Mrs. D. T. Ambrose, of the same place. Another of the children (Bledsoe) married ———— Abernethy; they left two sons, John and George Abernethy, who live in Covington, Ky. Lesly Worthington, of Marysville, Ky., is also a descendant of Philemon Hawkins, through Fanny Bledsoe.

John Hawkins, who married Joanna Harrison, died in Boone County, Ky.; one of his children, Jameson, lives near Pruetts Station, Ky. A daughter, Nancy, married Ben Moore; lives at Dover, Ky. Sally married Thomas Nelson; some of their chil-

dren are married and live in Kentucky. Some of William Hawkins' descendants live in Howard County, Mo.

Gabriel (son of Jameson Hawkins) moved at an early date to Lexington, Mo., and died there in 1836; he was a private in Captain Uriel Sebrees' Company Kentucky Militia; enlisted August 7th, 1812, and saw service in Canada, being engaged in one or more battles; he had the following children: William, Sally (married Long), Gabriella.

Cousin Sally knew much of the Hawkins family which she had received by tradition and through her knowledge of the different members, and was an amiable and interesting correspondent on family matters. She gave me many clues to facts that are embraced in this history. Probably without her assistance it would never have been written, for I commenced my search in almost entire ignorance of data. The family of Uncle Gabriel were refined and every way interesting; none is now living, and no descendants.

Elijah (son of Jameson Hawkins) married in Scott County, Ky., to Sophie Bradford September 11th, 1814; moved to Hannibal, Mo., in the year ———; died there August 30th, 1841; he was a Sergeant in Capt. Uriel Sebrees' Company Kentucky Militia in the War of 1812; enlisted August 17th, 1812; was in one or more battles in Canada. I have seen the Muster Rolls of Capt. Sebrees' Company in the Auditor's office, Treasury Department, Washington. It may be of interest to state that at that time the pay of a private soldier was six dollars; the pay of a Sergeant was eight dollars per month,—with rations and clothing.

The following are the children:

Eleanor Barbee, married Younger Pitts; some of their children live in Liberty, Mo.

Jameson Fielding, born February 11th, 1819; died 1885; married in Scott County, Kentucky, March 28th, 1841, to Sarah Ann Smith, who was born January 10th, 1824, and died September 8th, 1894.

Benjamin, married and died in Tennessee; his children live there.

Elijah, married Priscilla Ann Hall; their children live near Mexico, Mo.

George William, married Ann Eliza Priest; children live near London, Mo.

Sophia Frances Catharine, born January 28th, 1832; living in Hannibal, Mo.; married James I. Marnell December 22nd, 1853; he died June 17th, 1870; their children: Daniel Elijah, born March 5th, 1855; one child, Frank. Edward John, born March 6th, 1858; died 1885; married Lucy Smith.

Francis Hawkins, born August 13th, 1867; married Lizzie Jeffries, January 13th, 1898.

Robert Overton, born August 31st, 1869; married Georgie Hawk, June, 1895.

Anne Laura, born December 1st, 1837; lives in Hannibal, Mo.; married October 28th, 1858, to James W. Frazer, who died ————.

The children of Jameson Fielding Hawkins and Sarah Ann Smith were:

Elijah, born January 26th, 1842, who married Mrs. Belle I. Coffin; one child, Joseph McAlpin (born 1889); live near Los Angeles, Cal.

Thetis Clay, born March 20th, 1844; married William H. Hatch, April 4th, 1861; one child, Sarah Rodes, born May 7th, 1866; live near Hannibal, Mo.

Col. Hatch was born near Georgetown, Ky., of New England parentage. His father was a graduate of Bowdoin College; his mother was Mary Reed Adams, connected with the Adams family of Braintree, Mass. Col. Hatch served in the Confederate Army as Ass't Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. He was a Member of Congress from the Hannibal District for sixteen years, during which time he served on the Committee of Agriculture, part of the time as Chairman. He was influential in causing the enactment of laws for the benefit of agriculture, and so devoted to such interests that he was familiarly called "Farmer Hatch." He was a good citizen, a good lawyer, an agreeable gentleman, and of unblemished reputation. He died December 23rd, 1895, at his country home, "Strawberry Hill," that he loved so well, and was buried in the Hannibal cemetery.

Jane Woodson, born December 24th, 1845; married February 24th, 1870, Francis L. Hewett.

William Benjamin, born November 11th, 1847; married

October 7th, 1874, Elizabeth F. Viley, of Lexington, Ky. Children: Mary Viley, born April 15th, 1876; Elijah Philemon, born 1878; married Marie Hardin, April, 1906.

Betty Viley was born in Fayette County, Kentucky, March 5th, 1851; was educated at Georgetown Female College and Hocker College; died December 21st, 1906. She was a fine Christian character and lovely in all the relations of life, and thought of her is affectionately associated with the sentiment, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Jameson, born November 1st, 1849; married Julia V. Offutt, 1879. They live near Bonners Ferry, Idaho. Their children: William B., Sarah Valinda, Ellen, Lee, Elijah Rodes.

Lucretia Jane, born November 23rd, 1851.

Asa Smith, born April 28th, 1854.

John Rodes, born September 21st, 1856; married Nellie Fort, July 3rd, 1902.

Sarah Ann, born March 14th, 1859.

Mary Ellen, born April 13th, 1861.

George Thomson, born August 20th, 1863; married Sallie H. James, November, 1885. Children: Rodes Hatch, George Charles.

Laura Frances, born October 7th, 1866.

Katharine Hawkins, born Boone County, Kentucky, September 22, 1800; married John Parker, March 11, 1824; died December 14, 1868. John Parker was born December 3, 1797; died February 24, 1855. He was connected by descent with the Tudor family of England. Children:

Ruth Ann, born January 24, 1825; married Washington Black, March 3, 1842; died ————. Children: Susanna, married William Griffin; Margaret, married Samuel Kealing; Emma, married William Staub; Laura Bell, married Eli King; Ella May, married Edward Goth; Kitty Elizabeth, married Warren King.

Emerine, married Benjamin F. Rogers. Children: Katharine Parker, Levi, Helen Hutchinson, John Franklin.

Margaret Frances, married John Dury. One child, died.

William, born April 21, 1802; married Henrietta Hoffman; died August, 1854; one child, Mary Ruth, born December 17, 1840.

Jane Hawkins, born in Boone County, Kentucky, January 4, 1804; married Wilford J. Ungles, July 9, 1826; died November 11, 1837. Wilford J. Ungles was the son of John Ungles, of Georgetown, Ky. His wife was Delphia Asbury, daughter of Henry Asbury and Mildred Taylor. Mildred was the daughter of Captain Richard Taylor and Sarah Strother, and hence was the sister of President Zachary Taylor. This Henry Asbury was the brother of Francis Asbury, the first American Methodist Bishop.

Children: Lucretia, born August 26, 1829; married Thomas Freeman; died June 29, 1908. Two children, Jennie H. and Margaret L.

William H., born April 6, 1831; married Laura Lawhead, June 6, 1861; died November 25, 1900. Three children: Kate Eliza, born July 22, 1862; married Richard S. Malony (one son, James R. Malony; a daughter, Kate U. Malony); William H., Jr., born May 18, 1865; married Cecella Stephenson, August 28, 1905; died July 6, 1912 (one son, born July 15, 1908); Fannie Laura, born December 29, 1872; Maude Campbell, born February 16, 1874 (no surviving children).

Margaret Ann, born February 7, 1832; married William Gayle, September 6, 1851; died June 22, 1908. Children: Mary Ann Gayle, born January 31, 1859; married Epperly (one child, Eliza); Kate Ungles Gayle; born December 25, 1867; Jane Hawkins Gayle, married Beard (one child, William Gayle Beard).

Emma Ungles, born 1834; married Lewis Walker Thompson, February 9, 1859; died 1870 (surviving son, Lewis Wilford Thompson, is a minister of the Church of Christ at Midland, South Dakota).

Frances, born February 24, 1806; married Dr. Corydon Richmond, October 6, 1836; died October 5, 1871, at Kokomo, Ind.

The father of Corydon Richmond was John Lambert Richmond, born in Chesterfield, N. Y., April 5, 1775. His wife was Laura Sprague ————, born January 27, 1787. He died October 12, 1855; she died October 26, 1855. John Lambert Richmond was ordained in 1806 as a Baptist minister; was a graduate of the Ohio Medical College, 1822. Corydon Richmond was born in Onondago County, New York, November 22, 1808; studied medicine in his father's office and attended lectures at

the Ohio Medical College, 1831-32; was assistant surgeon U. S. Volunteers, 1863-65, stationed in Nashville, Tenn., on hospital duty; died October 1, 1906.

Children: Louise W., born July 15, 1837; married Josiah M. Leeder, November 20, ———. Children: Francis I., born June 17, 1860 (married Dec. 14, 1881, to Fanny B. Pate); Frederick D., born April 25, 1864 (married April 25, 1889, to Eliza J. Hall; died August 21, 1898); James Richmond, born May 9, 1867 (married at Plevna, Kansas; name of wife and date unknown); Sarah Jane, born January 24, 1842; married August 28, 1860, to Joseph C. Anderson; the latter died May 19, 1866. Children: Fanny C., born June 29, 1861; married June 29, 1887, to J. Rollin Morgan. Children: Edgar A., born May 26, 1888; died May 28, 1888; Cecil Bazel, born May 19, 1890; died June 17, 1907; Louis Rollin, born March 4, 1896; died March 5, 1897. Maude A. Anderson, born January 15, 1863; married October 20, 1881, to James B. Johnson, who died April 23, 1909. Children: Edith, born August 15, 1882; married April 2, 1912, to William Rauch; Frances, born August 6, 1884; married April 27, 1912, to Luther K. Bell; Nina, born March 16, 1886; died April, 1909; Margaret, born December 13, 1888; May, born May 11, 1891; Joseph Richmond, born August 11, 1893; Ruth, born April 10, 1897; James W., born January 25, 18——. Edgar Richmond Anderson, born January 26, 1865; married Laura McClung April 11, 1888. Children: Julia, born March 2, 1892; Loraine, born August 12, 1893.

Lucinda, born August 9, 1809; married Isaac N. Sanders January 1, 1828; died at Iowa City, February 8, 1887.

Isaac Newton Sanders, born October 23, 1806; died December 8, 1893.

Children:

John James, born November 13, 1827; died September 4, 1874.

William Jameson, born July 29, 1829; died March 16, 1912.

Eliza Ann, born March 23, 1832; died December 25, 1864.

Moses Tully, born October 10, 1833; died October 19, 1874.

Margaret, born October 6, 1835.

Pamela Jane, born May 24, 1838.

Ida Ruth, born July 15, 1842; died March 5, 1900.
Elvira Louisa, born September 5, 1847.

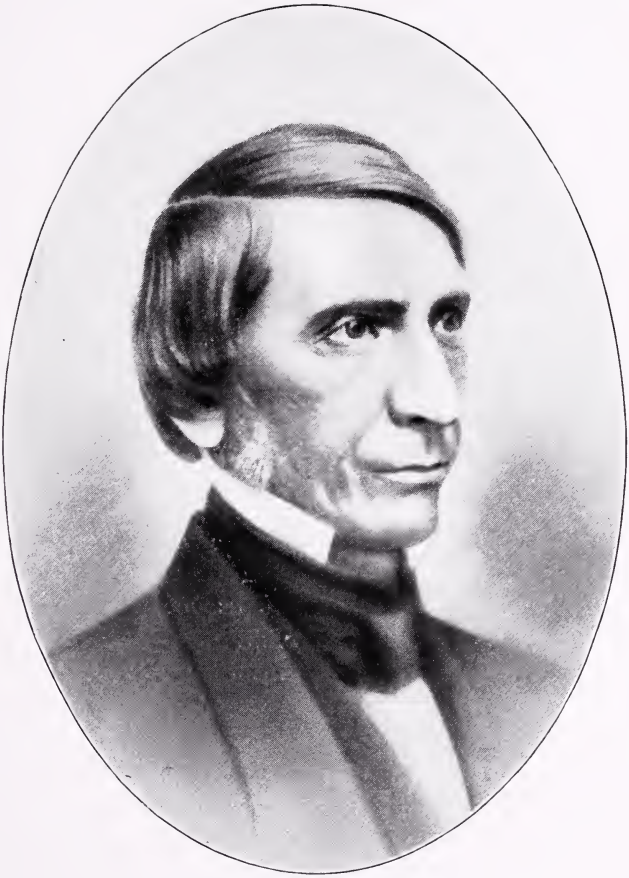
JOHN HAWKINS (My Father)

John Hawkins was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, in 1787, and was about one year old when his father moved to Kentucky, where he first settled at Bryans Station, and afterwards near Georgetown, where he lived until after 1805, and then moved to Boone County.

John Hawkins was a friend of Colonel Richard M. Johnson (of Tecumseh fame), who lived near Great Crossing. Colonel Johnson wanted him to study law in his office, but my father had other views for his future. He belonged as a private to Captain James Ellis' Company, 16th Kentucky Militia, in the War of 1812, from September 10th, 1814, to March 9th, 1815, when he was discharged at Malden, now Amherstburg, Canada, eighteen miles below Detroit. He was paid in full for his services and allowed $5.06 for travel pay for 330 miles to his home in Boone County,—which in those days was certainly a beggarly allowance. The Government is more generous to the soldier in modern days.

It seems, according to family tradition, that he remained at Detroit some time after his discharge, engaged in arranging the accounts of the paymaster, and there was such delay in reaching his home, so long after he was expected, that his family gave him up for dead, and when he one day made his appearance, unannounced, in the door-yard of his home, my Aunt Margaret, who was the first to see him, fell down in a swoon.

During the time I was stationed at Detroit (1869-73) I became acquainted there with Miss Jane Dyson, who, as soon as I was introduced to her, inquired if I was any kin to "Jack" Hawkins who was an intimate friend of her mother while he was in Detroit during the War of 1812. She said that as a little girl she had often sat on his knee. I told her that "Jack" Hawkins (I remembered that his people all called him "Jack") was my father, and she said that her mother liked him greatly and had many reminiscent stories of him, that he was a fine talker, a great story-teller, and was much endeared to them. These were the characteristics of my father all his life.



DR. JOHN J. SPEED

While in service my father was a private, at the same time the muster-roll of his Company, which I have seen in the Auditor's office at Washington, shows that he was "on extra service as Assistant Paymaster." The duty naturally detached him from his Company, but I noticed that the Company muster-roll continued to be made out in his hand-writing. He wrote a good hand, and I presume clerks were scarce in those times. My father was at the time of his enlistment, twenty-seven years old, and considering his education, intelligence and social position in Boone County, should have been an officer instead of a private; but, unfortunately for him, he wrote well and was clerically exact, and such talent was in demand for making and keeping in order the Company records. I have known frequent cases where good hand-writing has settled a person in a clerical position where there was little or no promotion, when at the same time he had capacities that ought to have placed him in a line of promotion to an important control; so that I have come to the opinion that a good hand-writing very often works to one's injury.

However, it was that he served his time as a private during the War, yet I remember that when we lived in Crawfordsville the people promoted him, and in their daily intercourse addressed him as "Major" as a tribute to his honorable personality. Before the War my father was a student at Transylvania University. He did not graduate, and when quite young, a mere boy, entered on the vocation of school teacher. For a time he taught in Bourbon County, and there made the acquaintance of my mother, Elizabeth Waller, and they were married January 31st, 1816.

He moved to Indianapolis in 1820, and kept a tavern on Washington Street near to where now stands the Washington Hotel, afterwards known for many years as "Drake's Hotel." He was a member of the Baptist Church in Boone County, and was transferred to the church at Indianapolis, June, 1827, and in March, 1829, he is mentioned in the records of the First Baptist Church as one of the Trustees. He is mentioned as making an address at the celebration July 4, 1822.

I was born in Indianapolis September 29th, 1830, and six months afterward my people moved to Covington, Fountain

County, where by father kept a store, engaged in general trade, and part of the time up to 1835 managed his farm three miles from Covington, on which we lived occasionally. About 1836 we moved to Newtown, some fifteen miles distant. The disturbed financial conditions of the country was then causing depression in every variety of business, which ultimately brought about the loss of most of my father's possessions, which were large and various.

While living in Covington, in 1832, there occurred an election for President of the United States. The "National Republican" party nominated Henry Clay for President and John Sergeant for Vice President, and my father was a member of the State Electoral ticket. He was not a political orator, but was well informed on public affairs, and had clear ideas and a forceful, logical manner of expressing them.

The educational advantages of Newtown being quite limited, my father, about 1837, decided on moving to Crawfordsville, a place noted even then for its good schools and its superior class of people. He was there engaged in mercantile business, associated with his brother-in-law, Isaac N. Sanders; but hard times were abroad in the land, and their business was a failure, and Mr. Sanders moved to Iowa, after which my father was principally engaged in carrying on his thousand-acre farm in Fountain County, which he continued until his death, at Crawfordsville, in October, 1841.

My father was only fifty-four years old when he died, but I remember his face as seamed with many wrinkles. Exposure to the weather in his many journeys on horseback, and intensity of thought on account of his business troubles, induced a look of age that did not belong to his years. He departed this life friendly with and respected by all who knew him.

My mother, Elizabeth Waller, survived my father three and one-half years. At his death she gathered up the remnants of family property and managed to keep her household together. She was a pious woman, and loved the Methodist Church, which she joined when only twelve years of age, and as a Methodist she greatly disapproved of holding slaves. It was on account of her great desire that it was determined to leave Kentucky and settle in Indiana, she insisting that she was opposed to

MIRIAM SPEED

bringing up her children in a Slave State. She knew all about the institution, her father being well-to-do and owning a number of servants. Her religion was a great comfort to her, for she believed in the sustaining interpositions of a kind Providence to guide and protect her in her daily life, and she always felt that the Bible promises to the righteous were fulfilled to her.

It was my father's daily custom to have family prayers, and she continued the custom with her children, and she often retired to a private room for prayer. The Bible was her constant companion. I do not remember ever seeing her read any other book, though in early life she was doubtless a general reader, for she was unusually well informed and choice in her language, and observant in the deportment that characterizes a well-bred woman. She was kind to the poor and sympathetic to the sick and those in trouble. I remember one summer she made a considerable quantity of currant wine, but not a drop of it went for home indulgence. All was bestowed on the sick and comfortless. Her thoughtfulness embraced every case of wretchedness that came her way, and she would ever be ready to go out of her way to find it.

The remains of my father and mother were removed to Indianapolis, and now rest in Crown Hill Cemetery.

Children:

Louisa, born December 25, 1818, will be noted with her husband, General E. R. S. Canby. She was a very religious woman, was a member of the Methodist Church, and was perhaps more like her mother in her devotional character than any other of her children. She was always eager to assist others, and often overcome and made unhappy through her sympathies. The eldest of the family, she felt in great force the responsibilities that the position imposed on her, and she was untiring in meeting them. She continued to be a Methodist all her life, but during her later years was also attached to the teachings of Swedenborg. Their spirituality appealed to her devotional nature, and she experienced great comfort in them.

Miriam, born in Kentucky, March 26, 1820; married Dr. John I. Speed April 17, 1839; died January, 1863. Was a woman of cultured and refined tastes, a student of good literature, and a judicious thinker. In conversation she was earnest

and animated, and in this more than any other of her sisters showed her southern France ancestry. If she had been a man she would have done things and achieved fame, for she had a mind for great affairs. She was a good wife, a good mother, and an ornament to womanhood. Dr. Speed was an excellent physician; a clear thinker and of a refined taste in English literature; an honest man and fearless in the expression of his judgment in matters of right or wrong.

Children:

Mary Rose, born February 22, 1841; died February 8, 1888; Maria Louise, born June 6, 1851; died March 5, 1890; married Thomas C. Moore May 5, 1875. Children: Miriam Rose, born March, 1876; married William A. Whitehead October 17, ———; one child, Miriam Louise, born July 5, 1909. Louise Duane Moore, born October 30, 1877.

Margaret, born in Indiaapolis, Ind., January 13, 1825; died at Louisville, Ky., April 15, 1901. Had a combination of the admirable qualities of Louisa and Miriam. Cultivated and pious, kind as a neighbor, and every one loved and respected her for her sterling character and sympathetic nature. Whenever she made a trip away from home her travel was full of incidents and occupied her in weeks of narrative after her return home. She would become acquainted with almost every stranger into whose company she might be thrown, and if traveling on a steamboat she knew every one aboard, and gained the confidence of all from the Captain down to the cook and cabin-boy. Her sympathetic nature drew all to her, and I used to say that she ought to write a book after every return from a bit of travel. It would have been full of strange and interesting personalities, embracing alike the high in station and the most humble workers.

Her husband, Thomas S. Speed, was the son of Thomas Speed, of near Bardstown, Ky., who at one time was a Member of Congress from his District. He was a farmer, a Whig, and a zealous protectionist for home industries. I have heard that on the eve of his departure for Washington, as he stood before the fire at home waiting for the carriage, he remarked that he was proud that all the clothing he then was wearing, from his coat to his shoes, were of material from his farm and fashioned at his home. He was classical in his tastes and was possessed of an excellent

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library of the best English writers. Thomas S. Speed, the son, resembled much the father, in his quiet equanimity, his adherence to what he thought to be right, and was an advocate of whatever was for the good of his community and his wider community,—the State. In his early life he was of rather delicate constitution, and a martyr to rheumatism; but after he had passed sixty years his infirmities left him, and he was enabled to derive from living an enjoyment that was increased by the feeling that he had successfully raised a family of children that were a credit to his fatherly example.

He was a good Bible scholar, was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and often represented it in the meetings of Presbytery. He was twice married; his first wife was Sarah Sparhawk, by whom he had two children, William and Thomas. The latter, now dead, was a lawyer in Louisville, and for many years held the position of Clerk of the United States Court of that District. He was a most lovely man, a clean thinker, a good writer, and always to be found on the side of truth and justice. We was a good representative of a good father. When he died I felt that I had lost a good friend.

Children:

Spencer Hawkins, born December 19, 1846; died ———.

Austin Peay, born August 9, 1848; married December 17, 1874, Georgia A. McCampbell. Children: Goodwin Speed, born March 29, 1876; married Millie Houston Hays, August 15, 1909.

Horace, born January 25, 1852; married, first, Jessie St. John Adams, November 23, 1892. She died May 25, 1894. Married, second, Mrs. Matilda McAllister, August 12, 1895; one son, Horace Austin, born August 25, 1897.

Richard Canby, born June 25, 1855; died June 19, 1907; married Emma L. Fullenweider, May 12, 1880. Children: David Thomas, born July 7, 1881; died April 7, 1897; William, born February 12, 1884; Margaret E., born June 22, 1887; Mary Louise, born January 8, 1891; Georgia Austin, born ————; died September 7, 1893; Emma Canby, born July 22, 1900.

Louise J., born June 8, 1863.

Edward Waller, born 1826; died 1848.

Maria, born 1828; died 1848.

Frances Ann, born 1829; died 1907.

John Parker, born September 29, 1830; married Jane B. Craig October 10, 1867.

Thomas S. Speed and his wives are buried in the reserved cemetery plat on the farm where he was born, near Bardstown, Ky.

THE WALLER FAMILY.

As bearing on the history of the Stafford County Wallers, is the following furnished by the Rev. H. D. Waller, an Episcopal minister of Flushing, N. Y., a grandson of Dr. Thomas Waller, Portsmouth, Ohio The record may be of use in further research, as it was collected by him from wills and parish registers:

Charles Waller (1), married Susannah ————. Children: Charles (2), Edward, William, Hannah Webb, Sarah.

Nothing positive is known of the antecedents of Charles Waller (1). He lived in Essex County, Virginia. His will was proved in that county, A. D. 1725. From this will now on file we learn the names of his children and the name of his wife. He leaves half of his land in Stafford County to his son Charles (2).

Charles Waller (2), married Elizabeth ————. Children: John (3), Margaret, Charles, (Posthumous child), Mary, Sukey, Milly.

Charles Waller (2) was Justice of Peace in Stafford County in 1745. The Parish Register gives date of his death as December 4, 1749. His will, dated December 2, 1749, was proved in Stafford County December 12, 1749. From this will we learn the names of his wife and children, and that another child was expected. He leaves the land where he lives at Aquia Creek, Stafford County, to his son John. He speaks of Mary, Sukey and Milly apart from the others and as "my daughters." This leads me to conclude that they are children by a former marriage.

John Waller (3), married Mary Matthews. Children: William, born December 24, 1751; died January ———; Sarah, born June 12, 1753; Edward, born December 10, 1755; John, born December 27, 1758; Thomas, born September 14, 1774; Elizabeth, Susannah, Hannah.

From Parish Register I learn that John Waller and Mary

MARGARET SPEED

Matthews were married July 4, 1751. From same source I learn dates of birth of four oldest children.

William died without issue; Sarah died without issue; Edward's daughter Elizabeth married John Hawkins; Thomas was my grandfather; Susannah married ———— Sterne; Hannah married, first, Charles Porter, and then Fielding Coppage.

The Charles Waller with whom I start of course cannot be the Charles Waller who came in the ship Abigail in 1620.

The earliest documentary record of Wallers in Stafford County is 1669, when grant of land, 800 acres, was made to Gerrard Masters and William Waller. This land passed to his son William in 1689. The will of this second William Waller of "Stafford Plantation," was proved on May 12, 1703. His heirs were: Wife Elizabeth, son William, daughter Elizabeth.

The connection between these people and the Charles Waller with whom I start cannot yet be established.

The following account of the Waller family is derived principally from a letter from George Allen Waller, of Portsmouth, Ohio, under date of January 19, 1894.

Edmund Waller, the poet, was the son of Robert Waller, Esq., Buckinghamshire, England. Edmund's mother was a sister of John Hampden, a cousin of Oliver Cromwell. The poet's wife was Mary Breaux, and they had the following children: Benjamin, William, Stephen, Charles, and five daughters. Charles Waller emigrated to America about 1650 and settled near the mouth of Acquia Creek, where he married Susannah and reared a family. (There is tradition that he resided a while in Essex County before settling in Stafford County.) One of his sons, William, married, first, Mary Allen, daughter of George Allen and Mary Withers. Their children were William and Edward. Second, he married Margaret Waller; one daughter, Margaret. Third, Ursula Withers; children: John Waller, born 1732; died December 31, 1784 (my great grandfather), commissioned Lieutenant Troop of Horse April 5, 1757 and 1763; Allen Withers, Charles, George, James, and three daughters, Hannah, Anne and Frances. George moved to Henry County, Virginia, and a letter written July 13, 1889, by George E. Waller, M. D., of Martinsville, Henry County, says:

"My great grandfather, George Waller, was born in Stafford

County, Virginia, and moved to Henry County before the Revolutionary War. He was a Colonel in the Revolution. My grandfather, Edmund Waller, was a Colonel in the War of 1812." He also says that the name of Allen appears in his branch of the family.

John Waller married Mary Mathews, daughter of Thomas Mathews. They had four sons: Edward (my grandfather); John, born 1757; William, and Thomas, born September 14, 1774. Four daughters: Sarah, Elizabeth, Susanna and Hannah. William died young. John married Mary ————. He enlisted in the Continental Army and served through the war; with his brother Edward he emigrated to Kentucky in 1785, and settled first at Maysville, thence to near Millersburg, Bourbon County, which County he represented for two terms in the Virginia Assembly. He raised a number of children, who settled in Daviess County, Indiana, where some of the family still reside. But John Waller remained in Kentucky and died at the home of his sister, Hannah Coppage. He had four sons: George Allen, John, Christopher Columbus, and Edmund, and four daughters, one named Jane.

Sarah Waller never married. She died near Falmouth, Ky. Elizabeth married Colonel James McClelland, of Bourbon County. They had one daughter, Patsy O. E., who married Mr. Miller, of Millersburg, Bourbon County. Susanna married Mr. Stearn, of Stafford County. They had four sons and one daughter. Hannah Waller was twice married. First, to Charles Porter: they had three children, Wesley, Edward Waller, and Mary. Second, to Fielding Coppage; six children, William, Baldwin, Milton, Miriam, Susanna, and Fanny.

Dr. Thomas Waller (brother of my grandfather, Edward Waller), was born September 14, 1774; was educated at William and Mary College; emigrated to Kentucky about 1796, and afterwards (1801) moved to Portsmouth, Ohio, where he died July 23, 1823. He married, in Kentucky, Elizabeth Macfarlane, of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in January, 1800. Her father, Andrew Masfarlane, was Captain of a Pennsylvania Company in the War of the Revolution, and died near Philadelphia. They had nine children: Margaret, Mary, William, Thomas, Elizabeth, Hannah, John, Susanna, and George Allen. Margaret

THOMAS S. SPEED

married Captain Francis Cleveland, a civil engineer, the eldest brother of President Cleveland's father; no children.

Mary married Washington Kinney. They had eight children: George Washington, Elizabeth, Charles, Aaron, Ellen, Alfred, William, and Thomas Waller. Elizabeth (the last named) married Samuel R. Ross; children: Anna (living in Portsmouth, Ohio), George and Thomas Waller (live in Cleveland).

George Allen Waller, born August 24, 1817; married Jane Davey October 6, 1847; died November 27, 1900 (83 years). The Portsmouth morning paper contained the following announcement:

"The death of George A. Waller causes deep regret. One of the most venerable citizens, universally honored and respected, the community was shocked to learn of his unexpected demise. Mr. Waller was one of the oldest persons born in the city of Portsmouth. Since 1817,—over 83 years,—his life has been identified with the city he loved so well, and for whose interests he always so intelligently and devotedly strived. Public-sprited always, in his younger years the soul of activity and progress, he did much to advance the welfare of his home city. Somewhat broken in health of late years, and weighed with the natural infirmities of age, he was not so active as of old, but his heart was in every move that made for the betterment of the River City. A man of force of character, of marked individuality, yet to those who knew him best he was a man of singularly loving traits, and he will carry with him the affection of all who knew him. The story of his active life is full of honor and honest achievement, and his memory will long be cherished in the hearts of our people and preserved in the annals of our city."

The following are the children of George A. Waller: William, Clara, Henry Davey, and George Allen. William is a lawyer; he and Clara reside in Portsmouth; George Allen is foreman in a steel mill in Pittsburgh; Henry D. is Rector of St. George's Church, Flushing, Long Island, a man full of energy and good works, and loved for his many amiable traits.

Thomas Waller Kinney married his first cousin, Miriam Coppage, and some descendants live in Rush County, Indiana.

Dr. Thomas Waller was a physician, and held a high place in the estimation of the people of his community. James Keyes, a

local historian of Portsmouth says of him: "Dr. Waller had more friends and fewer enemies than any man in the county." Dr. Hempstead, in an address before the Medical Society said that Dr. Waller was "genial and witty, and a perfect specimen of the old Virginia gentleman." Dr. Waller possessed a ring which he prized highly as once belonging to the wife of the poet; it is still in the family.

John Waller, my great grandfather, according to family tradition, was a Captain during the Revolution. The names of Allen Waller and John Waller appear as members of a patriotic committee appointed by the Freeholders of Stafford County, July, 1774, "for the purpose of transacting business relative to the liberties of the people." (Ford's Archives, Vol. 1, 4th series, page 617). Allen Waller, probably son of Allen, brother of my great grandfather, Ensign 3rd Virginia Reg't, February 26, 1776. (Ford's Archives, Vol. 25, 5th series, page 322.)

There is also tradition that Edward Waller was an officer in the War of the Revolution. There is record in Heitman's Historical Register that Edward Waller (Virginia) was Major of a Virginia State Regiment in 1780. A letter to me from Mr. Heitman, August 24, 1893, says: "Permit me to state that in the case of Major Waller the very incomplete data was obtained from an old list in the Treasury Department of persons who rendered military services in the State of Virginia, other than of the Continental line, and who were applicants for land under the Act of the Virginia Assembly of October, 1779. It is evident that he must have been in service at least from some time in 1779 to June, 1781.

There is a Waller family living at Wide Water, Stafford County, descendants of Withers Waller (brother of my great grandfather, John, and Catharine Conway). Their son, Withers Waller, married Anne Eliza Stribling; they have a most interesting and cultivated family. I once made them a visit at their home, and was most hospitably entertained, and will always associate them with the pleasing memories of my life. One of the daughters, Mildred Pickett, furnished me most valuable material for an account of the Waller family.

Edward Waller's will, probated January Court, Bourbon County, Kentucky, 1792, provides that his mother shall have the

use of what property was left him from his father's estate; also the profits of the same in Stafford County during her life, and at her death to return to his estate. As Dr. Thomas Waller was living with his mother in Virginia at that time, and as he came to Kentucky about 1796, it is probable that Mary Mathews died a little previous to that date.

There is a noted branch of the Waller family belonging to Spotsylvania County, Virginia. The reputed emigrant was John Waller, born 1617, came to America about 1635. There is tradition that he was a very wild young man, and was induced by his family to emigrate in order to draw him away from the temptations to which he was exposed in England. This is probably a slander, for his descendants have been a credit to the name, and from 1722 four generations filled the office of Clerk of the Court of Spotsylvania County, all of them gentlemen and of good repute.

There is record in Virginia that John and William Waller received July 2, 1669, a grant of 800 acres of land in Stafford County, Virginia. Probably John and William were brothers.

I have seen a detailed genealogy of the Wallers of Spotsylvania, in which is stated that John Waller, the emigrant of 1635, whose wife was Mary Key, was a grandson of the poet; but he could not have been a grandson nor even a son, for the poet was born 1605; married, first, Anne Banks (1628, died 1634), by whom he had one daughter; his second wife was Mary Breaux or Breese, whom he did not marry until *after 1639*, and by whom he had a large family, sons and daughters. It is therefore certain, considering records, traditions and other circumstances, that the Spotsylvania Wallers are not descended from the poet, but are of the same family. Both families may claim an inheritance of credit pertaining to the distinguished soldier of Agincourt, Sir Richard Waller, who there captured Charles, Duke of Orleans, who afterward became King of France.

There is an interesting story connected with this capture. That Sir Richard entertained his captive at his home in Kent during twenty-four years, awaiting ransom; that as a result of his kind treatment a warm friendship sprung up between them, and after his return to France the Duke caused to be rebuilt the somewhat decayed family mansion at Groombridge. He also

requested the Knight to assume as his crest, in remembrance of him, a tree in full leaf, bearing on one of its branches a shield displaying the fleur de lis—the Arms of France.

THE JAMESON FAMILY.

(The Scotch pronunciation of the name is "Jimmyson.")

The Jamesons in America have all come from a common ancestry in Scotland, which had its origin in a Highland Clan,—"The Clan of Gunn",—in the counties of Sutherland and Caithness. The Gunns were fierce and warlike, and of Norse descent. MacKames (or MacJames, MasJamais, MarKamish, MacKeamish, which are all the same) is the oldest separate name of the clan. By giving the Gælic prefix "Mac" its English meaning, "son," and translating Kames or Kamish into its English equivalent of James, we have the name of "*Jameson*" as the primitive appellation of the Clan Gunn. The arms of the Clan Gunn are thus represented:

Argent, a galley of three masts, her sails furled and oars in action; sable flags, gules, within a border azure, on a chief of the third, a bear's head of the first muzzled of the second between two mullets of the field.

Crest, a dexter hand wielding a sword proper. Motto: "aut pax aut bellum." Badge, Juniper.

The Tartan is one of the most beautiful of all the Scotch Tartans.

The earliest records of my Jameson family, as far as traced, are as follows:

James Jameson, St. Anne's Parish, Essex County, Virginia; qualified as constable December 17, 1717; married Margaret ————. His will, dated and probated in 1736, mentions children:

Thomas ————, died 1768; born in Essex County, St. Anne's Parish.

James, born 1720; married 1742, Mary Gains; died December 6, 1766.

David, married Mildred Smith; died 1793.

The above David Jameson (uncle of Margaret, my great grandmother) was a graduate of Princeton College; a merchant at Yorktown; in 1777 was a member of the Privy Council; in

1780 Lieutenant Governor of Virginia; in 1782 was a member of the State Senate.

Thomas Jameson; the name of wife not known; children were as follows:

James, born in Culpeper County; married Lucy Hackly.

Thomas, born May 3, 1743; married Judith B. Hackly; died August 13, 1827.

Margaret, born 1747; married John Hawkins, my great grandfather, March, 1767; died September 12, 1770.

John, born 1751; married, first, Rachael Berrim, 1785; second, Elizabeth Davenport; died November 20, 1810.

David, born August 18, 1752; married Mary Mennis; died October 2, 1839.

William, born 1785.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

Thomas: Emigrated to near Mount Sterling, Montgomery County, Kentucky. Among his grandchildren were Pamela Bledsoe, born February 11, 1814; married, December 24, 1833, Henry S. Lane; died in Washington, D. C., December 22, 1842; buried in the Congressional Cemetery. We knew her well in Crawfordsville, Ind., and she was intimate in our family. We had a great affection for her. She was a good Christian, amiable and intelligent. Henry S. Lane was an orator, once United States Senator and Governor of Indiana. I think he was a cousin of Pamela Jameson; was born 1811; died 1881, at Crawfordsville.

Another granddaughter of Thomas was Willy Belfield, born January 6, 1816; married May 1, 1837, Walker Bourne; died October 26, 1893. Among their five children is James Milton Bourne, a lawyer and a conscientious genealogist, living in Louisville, Ky. I am greatly indebted to him for much information concerning the Hawkins and Jameson families. Without his assistance it is doubtful whether I would ever have obtained exact knowledge of them and kindred families.

John Jameson: Was a graduate of William and Mary College, Virginia; was Clerk of the Court of Culpeper County for thirty-eight years, up to his death in 1810. July 7, 1774, was Clerk of the Meeting of Freeholders of Culpeper County that

met "to consider the most effectual methods to preserve the rights and liberties of America." The resolutions were signed, "John Jameson, Clerk." (Ford's Archives, Vol. 1, p 522.) In 1775 he was an officer in the Minute Men under Stevens, and was in the action at Great Ridge, near Norfolk, June 13, 1776. He was elected by the Virginia Convention, Capt. 3rd Troop of Horse, receiving forty-eight votes. His competitors received seventeen, eighteen, nine, four, three, and two votes. The votes show pretty well his high standing as a man and as a patriot among those who knew him. March, 1777, he was promoted to Major 1st Continental Dragoons; 1778, was wounded in action near Valley Forge; was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, August 1, 1779, and served to the close of the war.

Col. Jameson was commanding at Tarry Town when Andre was captured, and delivered to him, and has been blamed by some historians for communicating the facts to Arnold, who was thus enabled to escape to the British man-of-war. His reporting the matter to Arnold, his commanding officer, shows only that he was not suspicious of him, and as a good soldier not critical of him. Arnold's treason was not suspected and confirmed only after his flight from West Point.

William Abbott, in his book, "The Crisis of the Revolution," published in 1889, says: "John Jameson, of a distinguished Virginia family, was born in 1751. At the time of Andre's capture he was Lieutenant Colonel in Sheldon's crack Connecticut regiment, the arms and accoutrements of which had been brought from France. The fact of his transfer with advanced rank from a Virginia regiment to a crack Connecticut regiment to which he was probably a stranger, speaks highly of his reputation as a soldier of established good reputation."

After the war Col. Jameson resumed his duties as Clerk of the Court of Culpeper County; he was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and of the Masonic Lodge, Alexandria, Va. He was buried on his farm, two miles north of Culpeper. A suitable stone marks his grave.

Mr. James M. Bourne says: "My father, Walker Bourne, was born in Culpeper County in 1790. He told me that he had often seen Col. John Jameson and his brother, David; that John was a six-footer, blue eyes, black hair, and one of the finest look-

RUTH ANN THRELKELD

ing men he ever saw." A descendant in Culpeper has an oil portrait of him, reproduced in "The Jamesons in America."

Col. David Jameson, brother of John, was Ensign in the Minute Men and carried the celebrated "Rattle Snake Flag"; was at the battle of Great Ridge. In 1780-81 he was for eighteen months in the Southern Campaign as a Lieutenant in Stevens' Brigade; for a long period he was High Sheriff of Culpeper County. His biographer says of him: "He was a good soldier in war and a good citizen in peace, and leaves at his death a reputation without blemish."

The descendants of my great grandfather and Margaret Jameson have been previously noted.

For an extended account of the Jameson family, see "The Jamesons in America," by E. O. Jameson, of Boston, printed by the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H.

THE THRELKELD FAMILY.

Culpeper County, Virginia, seems to have been the home of several branches of the Threlkeld family. The time when the family emigrated to America is not known to me. There were Threlkelds in Virginia, King George County, before 1695. The name is common in the north of England, especially in Northumberland County. In the records of England, the time of Henry Seventh, there was a nobleman of the name Launcelot de Threlkeld, who owned large estates. He died without male heirs and his estates were left to his three daughters. This must have been done by the special favor of the King, setting aside the male heirs existing through branch lines. Whether the act was legal or not, I do not know, but the tradition in my own family is that a large estate in England was due the family, and this tradition is cherished in other branches of the family that I have communicated with, and so I have concluded that the Threlkelds on this side of the Atlantic belonged to Sir Launcelot's family as collaterals, and brought with them the memory of their branch being deprived of their proper inheritance when Sir Launcelot gave all his estate to his daughters. The name Threlkeld is a compound of two words, Thorald-Keld, Keld meaning a spring; thence the word Thorald's Keld, or Threlkeld. Sir Launcelot's descendants belong now to the oldest nobility of England, but the name is no longer noble.

The earliest record I have of my family is in Deed Book H, pages 403-4-5, Culpeper County, Virginia, showing that 405 acres of land were patented to Henry Threlkeld June 2, 1760, and on the 17th day of March, 1777, the same land was sold to Henry Balanger by John Threlkeld and his wife, Nancy (my ancestors). Will Book B, Culpeper County, Virginia, pages 182-83, August 19, 1776, shows that John Threlkeld was the administrator of Henry Threlkeld.

This John Threlkeld was a soldier of the American Revolution, Captain John F. Mercer's company, 3rd Virginia. His name is there spelled "Thrailkill," a common mistake of spelling the name by those who spell it as it is often pronounced. (See Saffell's Records of the American Revolutionary War, page 276.) After a period of service he returned home and died soon after his return of disease contracted in the service.

The following testimony bears upon the validity of this record of his service:

"Statement to Whom it May Concern: I am the great grandson of John Threlkeld of Culpeper County, Virginia. My father, Green Threlkeld, was his grandson. William Threlkeld, father of Green Threlkeld, was son of John Threlkeld, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. William Threlkeld was in his fifteenth year when the war ended, being born February 3, 1769. My father was thirty-three years old when he, William Threlkeld, died, March 22, 1842. I was sixty years old when father died, December 16, 1895. His mother, Sally Threlkeld, lived with us until the 22nd of October, 1859, when she died. I have heard them talk repeatedly of John Threlkeld having been a soldier of the Revolution. Father (Green Threlkeld) was ten years old when his grandmother, wife of John Threlkeld (formerly Nancy Johnson), died, and said he had often heard her speak of her husband's services, so that I feel sure of the fact of such service, as much so as any other matter of history, either verbal or written. (Signed) "CYRUS W. THRELKELD.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1910. (Signed) "WALTER WILHITE,

"Clerk Owen Co. Court.

[SEAL.] "By B. L. Hancock, D. C.

"Owen County Court, Kentucky."

SARAH CALAS

CALAS FAMILY.

When the emigrant William Calas changed the spelling of his name to Callis, he did a wrong to his French ancestry and deprived his descendants of a family inheritance. He did what he had no right to do, and I have therefore taken the responsibility in the following to resume the proper family name, "Calas," and I think that when foreigners coming to this country have changed their names in spelling in order to make them more American a subsequent generation has the undoubted right to resume the original name.

The family tradition is that our ancestor was a French Huguenot, and I am confirmed as to the truth of the tradition by correspondence and other circumstances. I have had some correspondence with Edward G. Calas, of Hopkinsville, Ky., who informed me that when a boy French was spoken in his father's family as their native language, and that his father said the proper spelling of the name was "Calas," which is in French pronounced the same as Callis. It is easy to see how the spelling became changed, which is not an unusual occurrence with foreigners who take citizenship in an English-speaking community. Spelling according to pronunciation.

Edward G. Calas above mentioned was the grandson of William Overton Calas, an officer in the Continental line, who was distinguished as an engineer officer at the siege of Yorktown. He served nearly eight years; was at the battle of Monmouth, where he was badly wounded; was a member of the Convention of 1788; represented Caroline County for seventeen years in the Virginia Assembly; died 1814. This branch of the Calas family has its record in Louisa County, Virginia, as early as 1748. Mr. E. G. Calas informs me that his family tradition is that the founder of this family was a ship carpenter. This is also the tradition of my emigrant ancestor Calas of Westmoreland County. There is record in the Clerk's office, Westmoreland County, of the will of "William Callis," ship carpenter, dated November 5, 1747. (This was fifty-two years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.)

The record of Westmoreland County as received by me is incomplete. My ancestry, as far as I have it, is as follows:

Thomas McFarland, Cople Parish, Westmoreland County,

Virginia=Elizabeth ————: his will, dated and recorded September 17, 1755, mentions a daughter Jane.

"William Callis," will dated 1747, recorded 1750, begins: "'I, William Callis,' ship carpenter of Cople Parish, Westmoreland County, Virginia," mentions his wife, Sarah, and the following children, viz: John, Francis, Ambrose, Thomas, William, James, Richard.

There is also will of a William "Callis," of Cople Parish, whose wife was Mary Overton. The children mentioned are Garland and William Overton. Will dated and recorded 1758.

Francis, son of the ship carpenter=Jane McFarland; among his children was Sarah Callis, born December 14, 1762; married Edward Waller in Westmoreland County, Virginia; died at Indianapolis March 20, 1848. The will of Francis "Callis" was dated 1769 and recorded 1770 in Westmoreland County. In it he mentions a brother, Robert.

The Louisa County family has the same ancestor as myself in the William Callis, ship carpenter, whose will was made in 1747.

It may be of interest to record here that the Parish Register of Ongar, Essex County, England, has the following entries: "Christened: Anne, daughter of William Calys, 20th December, 1558." "Married: John Palm and Anne Calis, March 12th, 1580."

These persons, Calys (Calis) were doubtless of the family of Callis (Calas), emigrants from the seafaring Hugenot region of Western France, of which La Rochelle was the headquarters, and that furnished many good sailors to help man the English fleet in its encounter with the Spanish Armada and on other occasions.

Several years ago, while in France, I visited with my wife, who is of Hugenot descent (Faneuil), the city of La Rochelle, and from there went over to the Isle de Re, where by previous appointment I made the acquaintance of the Protestant minister of the Island, Theophile Calas. We passed a very pleasant day with him and his agreeable wife and lovely children. They took us over the Island in a carriage, had us dine with them, wished us to remain with them, and in every way treated us as relations, though he had no record or tradition concerning his family emi-

gration to America. As I remember, his family belonged to Bordeaux. He and his wife have traveled much, and he has written two books of his travels, which he presented to me. They speak good English and are refined, cultured people. Our intercourse with them has been cherished by us as one of the most agreeable incidents of our European travel.

While in Paris I purchased a very interesting book, "Jean Calas et Sa Famille," containing the Court record and other accounts relative to his trial and execution in 1762 for the murder of his son. He was a Hugenot, a small merchant of Toulouse, of unblemished character, and everything connected with his trial was an outrage on justice. I presented the book to the library of Wabash College. The affair created a profound sensation throughout Protestant Europe. I do not know what connection there may have been between the family that lived in Toulouse in 1761 and my emigrant ancestor who made his will in 1747, but noting it serves to give the probable place from which our ancestor came. It is interesting to here state that three of my cousins have strong French characteristics, complexion and manner.

Edward Waller's will was made in Bourbon County, Kentucky, June 15, 1791; probated January Court, 1792. He was Major of the Stafford County Militia during the Revolution. Children as follows:

Miriam, born May 1, 1787; married Joseph Hays July 12, 1809; died October 1, 1819.

Elizabeth, born October 24, 1789; married John Hawkins January 13, 1816; died May 15, 1845.

Edward, born July 19, 1791; married Elizabeth Garrard Edwards 1817, daughter of Senator John Edwards and Mary Garrard, and a granddaughter of Governor Garrard. I think he died at Weston, Mo., after 1848. There were two daughters, one Sarah, married Richardson; another Kate, married Thomas F. Purnell; descendants of the latter live at Austin, Tex.

Sarah Calas—second, Luke Hanson, November 13, 1795; he died June 28, 1819. Children:

Pamela, born August 7, 1796; died ————. She never married, but lived with her sister, Caroline, and was an influential member of her family in the care of her children and their re-

ligious culture. "Aunt P," as she was called by all who knew her, was beloved by every one and was as near to being an angel as is possible for mortal to be.

Julia, born March 20, 1799=John Finley; died July 10, 1894. Finley had poetic tastes, published a book of poems among which is "The Hoosier's Nest," which had great popularity, being humorous and somewhat a discription of pioneer days in Indiana.

Maria, born March 6, 1802; married, first, Dr. Kenneth A. Scudder, who died March 6, 1829; second, Dr. Charles McDougall, Surgeon U. S. Army, April 15, 1830.

Mahala, born February 1, 1804; married, first, Henry Porter, July 7, 1828, who died in 1842; second, Bishop Edward Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Caroline, born December 1, 1805; married Alfred Harrison, April 1, 1827; died November 20, 1862.

Alfred Harrison was born in Tennessee December 18, 1802; died July 19, 1891; married, April 1, 1827, Caroline Hanson.

CHILDREN.

1. Mary Frances, born January 28, 1828; died April 26, 1866; married John C. S. Harrison April 9, 1851. Children: Francis Hanson, born August 30, 1856; Benjamin, born September 28, 1859; George Washington, born February 22, 1862, who married Sarah Elizabeth Crotlin June 19, 1894—one child, Edwina Cleves, born July 12, 1897; Julia Calas, born October 8, 1863.

2. Desdemona, born August 31, 1831; died January 17, 1912; married John D. Howland September 1, 1856. Children: Louis, born June 13, 1857; Caroline H., born March 30, 1859; Hewitt Hanson, born October 8, 1863.

3. James Henry, born July 21, 1837; died July 6, 1908; married Margaret McCutcheon January 3, 1860. Children: Edward Hanson, born August 30, 1861; married Ellen Howard, 1898—one child, a daughter; Hugh H., born August 18, 1863; married Nancy Welch, August 18, 1903.

4. Hannah Douglas, born May 15, 1841; died September 9, 1864.

5. Julia Calas, born February 16, 1843; died August 1, 1865.

6. Edward Gallion, born September 23, 1849; married Aurelia Harrison.

Alfred Harrison emigrated to Indianapolis at an early date of its settlement, and for many years was a prosperous merchant and banker and held in high esteem as a reliable business man. He was a zealous Methodist and a great admirer of John Wesley.

During the Civil War he was a friend and strong supporter of Governor Morton, especially in his financial efforts for raising money to equip and care for the soldiers. When the Confederate prisoners from Fort Donaldson were in camp at Camp Morton, near Indianapolis, he became much interested in them, and did all he could to alleviate the conditions of hardship that always attend captives. He worked hard at this benevolence, with all the ardor and energy that was a part of his nature. He was a consoling friend to them in this beneficent labor, and I have no doubt but that many prayers from the poor captives ascended to heaven, calling for blessings on his head. "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me" was the incentive to his action.

JOHN D. HOWLAND.

Mr. Howland was born in Baltimore, Md., 1818. Moved to Indiana in 1836; moved to Indianapolis, 1857, and practiced law for several years, associated with the Honorable Lucius Barbour; was appointed Clerk of the U. S. District Court in 1863, and was in that position till the close of his useful life in 1877. He had a large and friendly acquaintance among all classes of people, and his sudden death from paralysis produced a wide-spread sorrow; all who knew him felt his loss as that of a friend. The Bar, the U. S. District Court, and Christ Church, of which he was a member and a long time vestryman, called special meetings and passed resolutions of sympathy for his family, and voiced the public appreciation of his lovely character, eulogizing him for his literary culture, his professional attainments, and his eminently Christian example.

The three children of Mr. Howland inherit in an eminent degree his literary tastes and refined culture. Caroline and Hewitt inherit also in manner and appearance characteristics that markedly indicate their Hugenot origin, being great grandchildren of Sarah Calas.

McCARTY FAMILY.

Nicholas McCarty, who married Margaret Hawkins, was born in Moorefield, Harding County, West Virginia, September 26, 1795. His father was Humphrey McCarty, who married Susanna ———— (probably Chinn or Downman). I have no knowledge as to the parentage of Humphrey, but referring to Hayden's "Virginia Genealogies," page 87, the names "*Humphrey*" Pope and *Nicholas* Minor appear as executors in trust of the will of *Captain Daniel McCarty*, of the parish of Cople, Westmoreland County, Virginia, probated May 27, 1724. Associated with them were three other executors. The will disposes of a large estate,—lands, houses, slaves, jewelry and plate,—of great value.

Humphrey Pope was Justice of Westmoreland County in 1732.

"Nicholas" Minor was Justice, 1680-95. One of the same name was Captain of the Virginia forces, 1758, and Justice of Loudon County, 1770.

Among the children mentioned by Captain Daniel McCarty was Major Dennis McCarty, of Cople Parish. The will of the latter was probated in Prince William County January 20, 1742. In it he mentions his kinsman, "John Minor." His children were:

Daniel, who married Sinah Ball in 1748 and died in 1792.

Thaddeus, married ———— Chinn.

Dennis.

Sarah, married George Johnson, gentleman, an eminent lawyer of Fairfax County, member of the House of Burgesses in 1765, author of the Stamp Act Resolutions offered by Patrick Henry. A grandson lives in Alexandria (1889).

"Susanna" Chinn, married Joseph Shearman in 1768.

Catherine Chinn, married Francis Christian July 6, 1750. Billington McCarty was one of the witnesses. This Billington, who died in 1771, married Elizabeth Downman. The Downman and Chinn families were closely related.

Thaddeus McCarty married ———— Chinn, sister of Catherine. Referring to Sarah McCarty, who married George Johnson, I know that Nicholas McCarty had two cousins of the name of Johnson, who lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. These may have been descendants of Sarah Johnson; furthermore, the probabilities

are that the name "Humphrey" came into the McCarty family from "Humphrey" Pope, the executor mentioned; that the name "Nicholas" came from "Nicholas" Minor, another executor, and that "Susanna" came from "Susanna" Chinn, and further that Nicholas McCarty was of the McCarty family honorably mentioned by Hayden in his Genealogies.

The McCartys of Virginia have a distinguished ancestry and most reputable connections by marriage, including the families of Ball, Lee, Fitzhugh, Corbin, Tayloe, Chinn, Downman, Mason, Billington, and others of similar social standing and political importance.

The following editorial appeared in the Indianapolis Journal, May 18, 1854, on the death of Nicholas McCarty:

"This excellent man is no more. He died yesterday morning, after a short illness of congestive fever. Death could have selected no man in our community better prepared to die, or whom we were less prepared to lose. In all the relations of life, private and public, he was alike esteemed. He was a kind husband and father, a careful and honorable business man, a public-spirited citizen, and an honest and wise legislator; few men have in so long a life made so few enemies or afforded so little cause for enmity. His death is the loss of a friend to all who knew him.

"There will be a meeting of the citizens generally, to take proper action in regard to this bereavement, this afternoon at two o'clock, at the Baptist Church, Meridian and Maryland Streets."

Pursuant to the above notice a meeting of the citizens was held,—Samuel Merrill, President; D. Maguire, Secretary,—and the following resolutions adopted.

"Resolved, That in the departure of our fellow citizen, Nicholas McCarty, we realize the loss of one who since the early days of the city has deservedly ranked as a most worthy, generous and valuable man, and who by his affectionate heart, clearness of mind, and strict integrity of purpose has warmly endeared himself to all who knew him. His hand and heart were ever at command for the need of the afflicted, and his counsels and sympathy were extended where they could be useful, with unaffected simplicity and modesty.

"In the important public trusts committed to him as Com-

missioner of the Canal fund, as Senator of this County during three years, and other engagements, he manifested remarkable judiciousness and ability, and his memory will always be cherished by the community with the highest regard.''

Nicholas McCarty was the architect of his own fortunes. Left without means, he entered on work at an early age, and succeeded by industry, honesty, and intellectual ability, in securing a considerable property. At the same time, having in mind his early struggles, he was sympathetic and helpful to others, liberal with his means and judicious in his advice. He was emphatically a business man, and had no political ambitions, but he was a Whig and ardent in the support of Whig principles, and as Indiana was at that period an almost sure Democratic State, he was on several occasions forced by the voice of his party to accept nominations for high offices,—hoping to gather votes for him from the opposition on account of his well-known character for honesty and other commendable attainments.

He was, in 1847, nominated for Congress, and in 1852 for Governor of Indiana, but was unsuccessful at both elections. The Democratic vote was too much in the majority for any man to overcome.

I have heard him in public speaking, in which he had great facility; he reasoned well and had facts at his command, and had the happy faculty of story-telling, which he interspersed with his logic, and so carried his audience along with him ''from grave to gay, from lively to severe.'' Instruction, laughter, and enjoyment attended his ''speakings.''

A most important part of Nicholas McCarty's family was my ''Aunt Mag,'' who for so many years was his devoted wife and faithful assistant. She was a good Christian and an excellent housekeeper, and every one who knew her loved her for her amiability and respected her for her strong character. She was always averse to her husband being engaged in political campaigns, but when he had to accept a nomination her whole heart and feelings were enlisted in his success. She was eminently a home lover, and her great enjoyment was in hospitality and having her friends around her. My earliest associations are connected with her loving sympathy and gracious kindness, which were continued to me to the end of her long and useful life. She

belonged to a family of sisters distinguished for their strength of mind and lovely dispositions,—inheritance from their excellent mother, Ruth Ann Threlkeld. The following are the children:

Susanna, born August 18, 1831; died August 30, 1873; married Rev. Henry Day, December 19, 1857; two children, Henry McCarty and Margaret McCarty.

Margaret Ruth, born August 30, 1832; married J. C. S. Harrison, October 2, 1867; two living children, Nicholas McCarty,—who married Nancy Elston,—and Cleves.

Dr. Day was the pastor of the First Baptist Church, Indianapolis, from 1862 to 1876, when he was compelled by ill-health to give up his work. He was an able preacher, and a wise and faithful leader. His administration had the efficient and sympathetic support of his devoted and zealous wife. She loved the Church, its principles and all its associations, and gave it the aid of her strong, intelligent and loving personality.

Nicholas, born February 8, 1834.

Frances Jane, born November 18, 1837; died December 8, 1912.

When Dickens evolved from his imagination the character of Little Dorritt, he ascribed to her the peculiar attractions that all of Fanny McCarty's friends may find embodied in her,—patience, self-effacement, sympathy, and kind interest in others were attributes that she used and drew upon daily in her intercourse with others. She never had a thought for herself that might be allowed to interfere with a good deed that a human being could stand in need of. She lived a life of usefulness and was an example of constant amiability and active goodness. The following notice of her death was given in the Indianapolis News:

"Throughout her life Frances McCarty retained the simple, helpful kindness that belonged to the neighborhood days of little Indianapolis. As she grew older with a growing city her charity grew broader, and it was said that she assisted every charitable undertaking in the city. It is not merely that she was one of the splendid women of the older generation of citizens that her loss will be widely felt, her life was a rare gift to humanity and she recognized her dedication to its service, and those who have been benefited by her good deeds cannot be numbered. Her charity

was the outgo of sympathetic love and desire to help others. She was a comfort to those in distress and was never idle in well doing."

At a meeting of the congregation of the First Baptist Church, called to honor her memory, one of the speakers fittingly said of her: *"She lived up to her opportunities for good."*

GENEALOGY OF MARIA GRIFFITH HANSON AND HER DESCENDANTS.

Maria Griffith Hanson, born May 6, 1802; died August 18, 1876; married Dr. Kenneth A. Scudder, November 20, 1828, who died March 6, 1829; married, second, Dr. Charles Willing Byrd McDougall, April 15, 1830. Six children:

Henry Livingston, born July 30, 1832; died August 3, 1834.

Georgianna McDougall, born May 1, 1835; died December 9, 1905.

Charles McDougall, born October 12, 1837; died May 7, 1838.

Josephine Maria, born June 18, 1839; died ———.

Frances Pamela, born August 7, 1842.

Thomas Mower McDougall, born May 21, 1845; died July 3, 1909.

Georgiana McDougall, married John Adams, U. S. A. Six children:

Charles McDougall, born April 5, 1855.

Thomas Patten, born November 19, 1856.

John, born May 15, 1858; died October 14, 1905.

Francis Joseph, born December 16, 1858.

Georgiana McDougall, born December 16, 1861.

Emma Portis, born October 20, 1863.

Josephine Maria, married David Hillhouse Buell, U. S. A., September 28, 1861, who died July 22, 1870. Two children:

David Hillhouse, Jr., born June 19, 1862.

Violet Maria Josephine, born February 13, 1866; married George Merriam Hyde, January 11, 1899, who died April 11, 1899.

Josephine Maria, married, second, Oliver Prince Buell, December 20, 1875, who died April 7, 1899.

Frances Pamela, married Lawrence Sprague Babbitt, October 22, 1861, who died October 15, 1903. One child:

Edwin Burr Babbitt, born July 26, 1862; married Emma Fenno, November 5, 1884.

Thomas Mower, married Alice Maria Sheldon, May 21, 1872, who survives him 1913.

Children of Georgiana McDougall Adams: Charles McDougall Adams, married Ellen Shoke.

Thomas Patten, married Katherine Duross. Two children:

Jane Duross, born April 10, 1907.

Georgiana McDougall, born September 7, 1908.

John, married Ida Belle Kinsella, June 24, 1891. Two children:

Edgar A. Klebber, five children:

John Adams, Jr., born March 12, 1894.

Oliver David Buell, born December 14, 1896.

Lawrence Babbitt, born December 14, 1896.

Francis Joseph, born August 8, 1898.

Charles Thomas Dickson, born November 2, 1905.

Francis Joseph, married Alice Agnes Conrad, October 28, 1891.

Georgiana McDougall Adams, married Conde Pallen, February 18, 1886. Eleven children:

Charles McDougall, born April, 1887.

Conde de Sales, born February 2, 1888.

Esther Janet, born November 9, 1890. (Married DeWitt Clinton Noyes, October 19, 1910. One child: Isabelle Beberidge.)

Georgiana McDougall, born September 16, 1892.

Anne Elizabeth, born September 8, 1894.

Louis Auguste, born May 22, 1896.

Emma Mary, born December 20, 1898.

Frances Josephine, born June 7, 1899.

Louise Augusta, born August 7, 1900.

Thomas Adams, born February 10, 1902.

Montrose Benedict, born February 4, 1906; died February 10, 1906.

Dr. Charles McDougall was born in Ohio about 1807, died in Fairfield, Virginia, July 26, 1885. Was appointed Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army, July 13, 1832. He served in the Black Hawk War in 1833, being attached to the Mounted Rangers. Served in Florida in the war with the Seminoles in 1841. Sur-

geon at Military Academy, West Point, 1846 to 1848. Served in New Mexico as Medical Director. Medical Director of the Army of the Tennessee under General Grant from April to September, 1862. From latter date was Medical Director at New York till the close of the war. Was brevetted Brigadier General for faithful and meritorious service during the war. Was retired February 22, 1869.

Wherever Dr. McDougall was stationed he had many friends in and out of the Army. He was an excellent surgeon, and had a high reputation among his professional brethren. He was genial and attractive in his social relations and all who knew him held him in high regard for his sterling, manly qualities.

THE CRAIG FAMILY.

Among the descendants of my great, great grandfather, John Hawkins, King William County, Virginia, is the distinguished Craig family of Virginia and Kentucky, descended from Taliaferro Craig and Mary Hawkins (born 1716). This Taliaferro Craig (born 1710) was the son of John Craig, emigrant, who by tradition was descended from John Craig, of Edinburg, Scotland, a colleague of John Knox, minister of Holy Rood in 1562, and in 1567 proclaimed the banns of matrimony between Queen Mary and Bothwell. The name Taliaferro is pronounced as if spelled "Toliver," and is sometimes written the latter way.

Taliaferro Craig and his wife lived in Orange County, Virginia, until September, 1781, when they moved to Kentucky with the "Traveling Church," of which their son Lewis was the pastor. Taliaferro Craig is described as of fair complexion, rather below medium height, and of a kind and amiable disposition. He died in Woodford County, Kentucky, in 1795. His wife died January 6, 1804, aged eighty-eight years. She was buried at Great Crossing Church near Georgetown, and her son Elijah is buried by her side. Her tomb is marked, "The mother of many faithful." Her children are as follows:

John, married Sally Page. He was the first representative sent by Kentucky to the Virginia Assembly. Was in command of the garrison at Bryan's Station when it was attacked by the Indians under Girty in August, 1782.

There was published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville,

Ky., memorial proceedings at Bryan's Station, in honor of the defenders of the Station. The names of those in the fort, so far as known, are stated, among them Toliver Craig and his wife, Polly Hawkins (who had arrived in Kentucky with "The Traveling Church" in the previous mid-winter, after enduring great hardships); also Toliver Craig, Jr., and many others of Craig and Hawkins connections. The Memorial is greatly interesting and should be in the possession of all who are kindred to those families. Among the children of John Craig inside the station was Sally, who married John Bush; a son of this marriage was John D. Bush, of Covington, Ky., born March 27, 1795; died October 4, 1871. My father and others of our family kept up a cousinly intercourse with them for many years. He was a good man and has many descendants.

Another daughter of John Craig, Betsy, married ——— Johnson. Joyce married ——— Faulknor. It was a son of this marriage, William Faulknor, who married Betsy Hawkins, daughter of John Hawkins and Sarah Johnson, from whom was descended the "Arkansas Traveler."

Lewis, born in Orange County, Virginia, about 1737; died in 1828. He was the pastor of a Baptist Church in Spotsylvania County, Virginia, which moved in the Fall of 1781 to Kentucky; he died in Bracken County, aged eighty-seven; his wife was Elizabeth Sanders; their daughter, Mary, married General Philemon Thomas, her cousin.

Toliver, Jr., married Elizabeth Johnson, sister of my great grandmother, Nancy Threlkeld; came to Kentucky with the "Traveling Church," and was of the garrison of Bryan's Station when it was beseiged.

Elijah, born about 1743; died in 1800; married Frances Smith, probably a cousin, daughter of George Smith and Elizabeth Hawkins. Elijah was a celebrated Baptist preacher. He moved from Virginia to Scott County, Kentucky, in 1786, where he laid out the town of Georgetown, named after George Washington; he was zealous and enterprising in business as well as in preaching; established the first fulling and paper mills in Kentucky, and also the first schools in which the classics were taught.

Jane married John Sanders; was the grandmother of George

N. Sanders, a noted politician during the Presidency of James Buchanan.

Benjamin, born in Culpeper County, Virginia, March 30, 1751; married Nancy Sturman. Among his descendants are A. G. Craig, Vevay, Ind., and George C. and Edward Eggleston, well-known writers of essays and some charming books.

Jeremiah married his cousin, Lucy Hawkins, daughter of Philemon Hawkins (died 1779) and Sarah Smith. Lucy was one of the noted women at the defense of Bryan's Station (Jeremiah was also of the garrison); also her four children, Elijah, Polly, Franky, and Hawkins.

Elizabeth married Richard Cave, a noted and eloquent Baptist preacher. He died in Woodford County.

Joseph, born in 1742; married Sally Wisdom; he died in 1819.

Sally married Manoah Singleton.

There was living in St. Louis, Mo., before the Civil War and perhaps subsequently, an artist, George C. Bingham. He informed me that he was related to the Craig and Hawkins families, but I do not remember that he gave me the line of connection. His paintings had much merit, and engravings of them had great popularity. One of them was "The Jolly Flatboatman"; another "Lighting a Steamboat Over a Sand-bar in the Mississippi River." Some of his paintings are in the Mercantile Library, St. Louis. He was a genial, pleasant gentleman. A son, Rollins Bingham, lives in Kansas City.

Mrs. John C. Shirley (of Craig descend), of Anchorage, Ky., has collected a large amount of data concerning the Craig family, and is preparing it for publication. The book will be the history of a family remarkable for its talents and varied usefulness.

THE CANBY FAMILY.

The name of Canby appears,—from a search recently made,—to have been confined to the County of York, England, in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. The earliest notice occurs about the year 1581, when George Canby is recorded as Church Warden of Eckington. The latest name mentioned is that of Richard Canby, gentleman, buried at Walton-upon-Deane, December 1, 1755.

In the greater part of the notices of the family, individual

GEN. E. R. S. CANBY

members are styled "gentlemen." The town of Thorne, York, appears to have been the principal dwelling place of the family. The Registers of the parish abound with entries of their baptisms, marriages and burials, from the year 1664 to 1709. The earliest notice of "Arms" of Canby of Thorne (a fess ermine) appears in a map of "Arms of Yorkshire families," by one Francis Houghaun, an Arms painter, without date but early in the 17th century. In 1731 it belonged to John Warburton, and is now among his collection in the British Museum. It is noted in the collection under the head of "Thorne" that Edward Canby, gentleman, paid one pound, two shillings and sixpence for a copy of the map.

The ancestor of the Canby family in America was Thomas. He came to America in 1683 (his father is supposed to have been Benjamin) in company with his uncle and guardian, Henry Baker. Thomas was then sixteen years old. They settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where were many Quakers, and from association he became a Quaker. In 1693 he married Sarah Jarvis (Sarah has become a family name among the Canbys), and moved to a farm in Bucks County, which was part of a grant from William Penn to Richard Lundy. Sarah Jarvis died here in April, 1708, and he married the second wife in 1709. He had nine children by the first wife and eight by the second. (He was married a third time, but no children.)

He died at Salisbury in 1742, aged seventy-five years. He and his descendants served Buckingham Meeting (Quaker) as Clerks from nearly its establishment, for about one hundred years, and also served the Quarterly Meetings in the same capacity.

One of the sons of Thomas Canby and Sarah Jarvis was Benjamin, and he or one of his descendants moved to Baltimore, Md., and may be known as the Baltimore Canbys, from whom Gen. Canby is descended.

Mr. Edward T. Canby, of Wilmington, Del., informe me that his branch of the family is descended from Oliver, a half-brother of Benjamin, who settled in Wilmington during the lifetime of his father. Mr. Canby furnished me a book for information entitled, "The History and Antiquities of Thorne," published by

J. Mason, of Thorne, Yorkshire, in 1873, which make frequent mention of the Canbys.

It is probable that the name was originally *Cambay*, and that the family was French. It is stated, which I heard many years ago, that Doctor I. T. Canby was accosted on the street in Baltimore by a French priest, who asked him if his name was Cambay, saying that he resembled people of that name he had known in France. As the French pronunciation of "m" before "b" is much like that of "n," one can readily see how the name *Cambay* would easily be changed by English-speaking people into *Canby*.

General Edward Richard Sprigg Canby, oldest son of Doctor Israel T. Canby and Elizabeth Piatt, was born at East Bend, Boone County, Kentucky, November 9, 1817. As a Lieutenant, General Canby had the respect and confidence of his brother officers, and no name stood higher in his Regiment (of which he was Adjutant) for the qualities that contribute to the character of a gentleman and a good soldier, and during all his career there existed in all circles that knew him a satisfaction as to his fitness for any position to which he might be called. He was of a gentle and commanding presence, and fashioned mentally and physically very much after the pattern of George Washington, more so than anyone I have ever known of. The biographer of General Canby, in Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography, closes his history as follows:

"General Canby was a remarkable instance of an officer of high rank and universal popularity, without enemies in his profession. He was so upright that he was rarely criticised by his brother officers, save by those who gave him reason for official displeasure. He had ambition only to perform his duty; was always satisfied,—or appeared to be,—with any position to which he was assigned, and never engaged in any of those squabbles or intrigues for preferment which deface the record of many able soldiers. He had a singular power of inspiring implicit confidence among those who served under his command. His assignment to any department, where through lack of zeal or incompetence on the part of a commander, affairs had drifted into confusion, was the signal for the inauguration of order and discipline. The time-honored but often misapplied phrase, 'An officer and a gentleman,' admirably describes this soldier of the

Republic. He was tall and athletic, courteous in manner, but rather reserved and silent,—the ideal of a thoughtful, studious soldier."

He lost his life on the 11th of April, 1873, in the lava beds of Northern California, where, as Commander of the "Department of the Columbia," he was endeavoring to pacify the Modoc Indians, and was murdered at a Council which he attended without a guard, dispensing with it in order to show his good will and confidence in their sincerity.

The following is a narrative of the sad occurrence:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA.

Portland, Oregon, April 17, 1873.

(Memorandum.)

Brevet Major-General Edward Richard Sprigg Canby, Brigadier-General United States Army, commanding the Department of the Columbia, was treacherously murdered by Modoc Indian Chief, Captain Jack, and Ellen's Man, at 1:12 P. M., the 11th instant, at the council tent, in the edge of the Lava Beds, three-fourths of a mile east of Camp, near the south-west corner of Tule Lake, California, while engaged in a Peace Conference.

General Canby left Portland February 8,—accompanied by an Aide-de-Camp, 2nd Lieutenant Harry R. Anderson, 4th Artillery,—for the Modoc country, under instructions to confer in person with the Peace Commissioners upon the Modoc question; and was thus cruelly and basely slain while "endeavoring to meditate for the removal of the Modocs from their present rocky fastness on the Northern border of California to a Reservation where the tribe could be maintained and protected by the proper civil agents of the Government."

The Peace Commissioners were Mr. Alfred B. Meacham of Oregon, the Reverend Doctor Eleazar Thomas of California, and Mr. Leroy S. Dyer, Indian agent at the Klamath Agency,—accompanied by Frank Riddle and his Modoc wife, Tobe, as interpreters.

The Indians present were Captain Jack, Schon-chin John, Ellen's Man (or George),—brother of Shag-nasty Jim,—Black Jim,—half-brother of Jack,—Shag-nasty Jim, Hooka Jim, Boston Charley and Bogus Charley.

Boston and Bogus passed the previous night in Camp-Boston, breakfasting with Dr. Thomas, and accompanied the party to the council tent, located near the trail.

At 11:06 A. M. the party started for the tent, in single file, in the following order, viz: General Canby, Dr. Thomas, and Boston Charley (mounted), some one hundred and fifty yards in advance; Dyer (on gray horse), Meacham (on sorrel horse), Tobe (mounted), Riddle and Bogus Charley. General Canby and Dr. Thomas were unarmed.

The proposition for a "talk" came from the Modocs; and it was agreed that General Canby, Colonel Gillem, Mr. Meacham, Dr. Thomas and Mr. Dyer, should meet Captain Jack and four Indians, all unarmed, at the council tent. Colonel Gillem was sick and unable to attend.

General Canby took out, under his arm, a box of cigars, handed one to each Indian, and all were smoking, except Dr. Thomas.

After a shaking of hands all round, they seated themselves for the council near by a small fire of sage brush, on the opposite side of the tent from the Camp. General Canby on the right nearest the tent, upon a stone; on his left Meacham; still to his left and a little in the rear Dr. Thomas; and close to Dr. Thomas and slightly in front Tobe, lying down, between Meacham and Thomas. Opposite to and facing General Canby, Schon-chin John; on his right Captain Jack; and still to his right Bobus and Boston. Dyer was to the front and a little to the right of General Canby and to the left and rear of Schon-chin John, holding his horse. Ellen's Man, Hooka Jim and Shag-nasty Jim were seated at another small fire to the right and rear of Boston Charley. Black Jim walked around fire and council tent,—did not sit down; Riddle was near his wife.

The "talk" then commenced; General Canby, Mr. Meacham, Dr. Thomas, Captain Jack and Schon-chin John making brief remarks.

Mr. Meacham in his official report says: "Since our arrival at the Lava Bed, the Commission, together with General Canby, had labored hopefully, and had apparently gained several points over the Indians looking to a peaceful solution of this question. Until Friday morning, 11th instant, we had thwarted all their

schemes of treachery through the fidelity of our interpreter, Mrs. Riddle, a Modoc woman. On that morning terms were agreed upon for a meeting satisfactory to Dr. Thomas and General Canby, though not to Mr. Dyer, nor myself or the Modoc woman, General Canby remarking that they dare not molest us because his forces commanded the situation, and Dr. Thomas said where God called him to go he would go, trusting to His care. The meeting was held according to time and place agreed upon. Canby, Meacham, Thomas and Dyer, and eight armed instead of five unarmed Indians, as was agreed upon. The 'talk' was short, the Modoc chiefs both saying that unless the soldiers were withdrawn from the country no further talk could be had, up to that point the Commission re-affirming that the soldiers would never be withdrawn until the difficulty was settled, and still extending the offer of amnesty, a suitable and satisfactory home, and ample provision for their welfare in the future. The reply from both chiefs was, 'Take away your soldiers and we will talk about it.'

"General Canby assured the Indians that he was here for the protection of both parties, and to see that the Commission faithfully fulfilled their promises."

Immediately after Schon-chin John had "spoken," and while Riddle was interpreting his "talk," Captain Jack rose up, stepped aside, behind Dyer's horse, and cocked a pistol. Just then Barncho and Sloluck suddenly appeared from a ridge of rocks some one hundred yards to the left and rear of the Commissioners, bearing two or three muskets each, followed shortly after by Steamboat Frank and Scar-faced Charley, also armed. Captain Jack returned to within a few feet of General Canby, and exclaiming "A-ta" (all ready) snapped his pistol in the General's face. In an instant he re-cocked his pistol and fired. General Canby fell, severely wounded. At once all was confusion. General Canby sprang up and ran past Dyer's horse, crossing the trail, towards the Camp. At the distance of thirty-five paces from where he had been seated, he threw up both hands and fell backward, shot dead by Ellen's Man. Both bullets penetrated his head. He was then stripped naked by this Indian and his clothing and valuables removed.

Doctor Thomas was killed by Boston Charley, by a pistol-shot in the breast and a gun-shot in the head. He was stripped by

Boston and Steamboat Frank. After receiving the wound in the breast and while upon his knees supporting himself with his right hand, he said to Boston, "Don't shoot again, Boston, I shall die anyway." Boston replied, "God dam ye, may be so you believe what squaw (Tobe) tell ye, next time," and shot him through the heart.

Schon-chin John attacked Meacham, and, assisted by Shag-nasty Jim and Blank Jim, pursued and shot him while running. Boston, attempting to scalp him, was deterred by the Modoc woman (Riddle's wife) exclaiming, "The soldiers are coming!" Meacham received five wounds, from gun-shot and knife, and was left for dead. He was partially stripped.

Dyer and Riddle attempted to escape toward Camp, the former followed and shot at by Hooka Jim and Black Jim, and the latter by Ellen's Man, Shag-nasty Jim and Barncho. After running about one hundred and fifty yards, Dyer turned upon his pursuer, Hooka Jim, with a small pocket derringer, when the Indian retreated. Mr. Dyer and Riddle escaped unhurt. Tobe was knocked down by Sloluck, but not injured.

The attack was seen from the signal station on the bluff west of the Camp and information immediately conveyed to Colonel Gillem. The troops advanced promptly at the double-quick step, but on arriving at the scene of the massacre the murderers had fled to their "strong-hold" in the Lava Beds.

The remains of General Canby have been brought to this city, Portland, Ore., en-route to Indianapolis, Ind., and the funeral will take place at 11 o'clock A. M., on the 18th instant.

At the special request of Mrs. Canby there will be no military or other display on that occasion.

The ceremonies will be conducted quietly and privately, in the presence of the immediate friends of the family only, at her residence, corner of Eighth and Salmon Streets. After the services the remains will be removed to Armory Hall, and will lie in state from 12 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M.; thence the remains will be taken to the vault in the Lone Fir Cemetery on the east side of the river.

Twelve enlisted men, selected from the detachments at Fort

Vancouver and Vancouver Arsenal, will be sent to Portland, as body-bearers for the remains.

Brevet Major-General Robert S. Granger will have charge of all the arrangements for the funeral.

The following named citizens and officers have been designated to act as pall-bearers:

His Excely. Gov. L. F. Grover	Lieut. Colonel Rufus Saxton
Judge M. P. Deady	Surgeon George E. Cooper
Mayor Philip Wasserman	Major David Taggart
Ben Holladay, Esq.	Surgeon R. H. Alexander
J. B. Montgomery, Esq.	Major H. Clay Wood
Henry Failing, Esq.	Major William A. Rucker
C. H. Lewis, Esq.	Major Henry M. Robert
B. Goldsmith, Esq.	Captain Henry W. James

H. CLAY WOOD,

Official: Assistant Adjutant General.

The following order was issued by the General commanding the Army:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

GENERAL ORDERS Washington, April 14, 1873.
No. 3.

It again becomes the sad duty of the General to announce to the Army the death of one of our most illustrious and most honored comrades.

Brigadier General Edward R. S. Canby, commanding the Department of the Columbia, was, on Friday last, April 11, shot dead by the chief "Jack," while he was endeavoring to mediate for the removal of the Modocs from their present rocky fastness on the northern border of California to a reservation where the tribe could be maintained and protected by the proper civil agents of the Government.

That such a life should have been sacrificed in such a cause will ever be a source of regret to his relations and friends; yet the General trusts that all good soldiers will be consoled in knowing that General Canby lost his life "on duty" and in the execution of his office, for he had been specially chosen and appointed for this delicate and dangerous trust by reason of his well-known patience and forbearance, his entire self-abnegation and fidelity

to the expressed wishes of his Government, and his large experience in dealing with the savage Indians of America.

He had already completed the necessary military preparations to enforce obedience to the conclusions of the Peace Commissioners, after which he seems to have accompanied them to a last conference with the savage chiefs in supposed friendly council, and there met his death by treachery, outside of his military lines, but within view of the signal station. At the same time one of the Peace Commissioners was killed outright, and another mortally wounded, and the third escaped unhurt.

Thus perished one of the kindest and best gentlemen of this or any country, whose social equalled his military virtues. To even sketch his Army history would pass the limits of a General Order, and it must here suffice to state that General Canby began his military career as a cadet at West Point in the summer of 1835, graduating in 1839, since which time he has continuously served thirty-eight years, passing through all the grades to Major General of Volunteers and Brigadier General of the Regular Army.

He served his early life with marked distinction in the Florida and Mexican wars, and the outbreak of the civil war found him on duty in New Mexico, where, after the defection of his seniors, he remained in command and defended the country successfully against a formidable inroad from the direction of Texas. Afterward transferred east to a most active and important sphere, he exercised various high commands, and at the close of the civil war was in chief command of the Military Division of the West Mississippi, in which he had received a painful wound, but had the honor to capture Mobile and compel the surrender of the rebel forces in the southwest.

Since the close of the civil war he had repeatedly been chosen for special command by reason of his superior knowledge of law and civil government, his known fidelity to the wishes of the Executive, and his chivalrous devotion to his profession, in all which his success was perfect.

When fatigued by a long and laborious career, in 1869 he voluntarily consented to take command of the Department of the Columbia, where he expected to enjoy the repose he so much coveted. This Modoc difficulty arising last winter, and it being

LOUISA H. CANBY

extremely desirous to end it by peaceful means, it seemed almost providential that it should have occurred in the sphere of General Canby's command.

He responded to the call of his Government with alacrity, and has labored with a patience that deserved better success,—but, alas! the end is different from that which he and his best friends had hoped for, and he now lies a corpse in the wild mountains of California, while the lightning flashes his requiem to the furthermost corners of the civilized world.

Though dead, the record of his fame is resplendent with noble deeds well done, and no name on our Army Register stands fairer or higher for the personal qualities that command the universal respect, honor, affection, and love of his countrymen.

General Canby leaves to his country a heart-broken widow, but no children.

Every honor consistent with law and usage shall be paid to his remains, full notice of which will be given as soon as his family can be consulted and arrangements concluded.

By Command of General Sherman:

WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Official:

Louisa Hawkins and General Canby were married at Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1839, soon after his graduation from West Point, and she at once entered upon the career of a soldier's wife, going with him first to Florida, and subsequently accompanying him in all the many changes of location usual in our Army life during a perod of thirty-five years. She was a devoted wife, a sympathetic friend, and always on the lookout for cases of distress and misfortune, where her kind nature was prompt to render all the assistance that was in her power. Wherever she was, or whatever the conditions around her, she sought to do good.

Soon after the close of the Civil War I was travelling in the State of Texas, and stopping over one night at San Antonio, I occupied a hotel room in company with a gentleman whom I did not know, and who came to the room after I had gone to bed. He was quite friendly and talkative, and told me some of his adventures in "Sibley's Brigade," when it marched into New Mexico to wrest that territory from the Union; that after Sibley's

retreat many of them were left sick or wounded in hospital, and spoke of Mrs. Canby, her attention and kindness to them, and how she enlisted others in her works of mercy, and closed his praises of her by saying that they all felt sure she was in sympathy with their cause. I then told him that she was my sister, and that Christian sympathy, and not approval of their cause, was the motive of her kindness.

The following letter to the Secretary of War from R. O. Fairs, Flatonia, Texas, dated January 11, 1893, was referred to me for answer:

Dear Sir—Will you be so kind as to give me the address of the widow of General E. R. S. Canby. She endeared herself to Sibley's Brigade (C. S. Vols.) by her kind treatment of our sick and wounded while in New Mexico, 1862. I wish to show her we still entertain kind remembrance and esteem for her, by inviting her to our reunion.

The remains of General Canby and his wife now rest in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, Ind. A suitable monument marks the spot.

There is an excellent oil portrait of General Canby in "Cullum Hall," West Point, N. Y., painted by Macdonald, of the District of Columbia.

GENERAL PHILEMON THOMAS.

Philemon Thomas was the most eminent man of my branch of the Hawkins family born in America, and for that reason I have thought it proper to have his picture as the frontispiece of this book. As his two wives were Hawkins stock, and he a Hawkins, it may be expected that his descendants, living, I believe, principally in Louisiana, should show Hawkins characteristics, mental and physical, more pronounced than could usually be found among those of the blood bearing the Hawkins name. It is not unreasonable to hope that these characteristics may be altogether those that are praiseworthy and a credit to the family.

Philemon Thomas was the grandson of John Hawkins, planter, King William County, who died about 1742; was born in Orange County, Virginia, in 1764. He received a common school education, and though but a boy, served in the War of the Revolution and did good service in the field in the Carolinas. His

father was Richard Thomas, who married Frances, daughter of Philemon Hawkins (who died in 1779).

The children of Richard and Frances were: Richard, Philemon, David, Rowland, Thomas P., and five daughters: Sally, married Harrison; Isabella, married Bledsoe; Chaney, married Stephen Bowles; Lucy, married a son of Philemon Hawkins and Catherine Craig; Joanna, married Jones. Richard married Elizabeth Bowles, Thomas P. married Sally Smith Hawkins, a cousin (daughter of John and Sarah Hawkins, of near Georgetown, Ky.); David married Miss Bowles, Rowland married Elizabeth, eldest sister of Benjamin P. Thomas, a cousin.

Philemon Thomas married, first, Mary, a cousin, daughter of Lewis Craig. They moved to Kentucky before 1791 (at this date he was a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and during his membership his wife died). His second wife was Fanny Hawkins, a cousin, daughter of John Hawkins and Sarah Johnson. He lived on a farm near Minerva, Mason County, now Bracken. His father and mother lived on a farm near by, where they died and were buried,—a farm adjoining the Bledsoe farm. I have in my possession a little book entitled, "Christmas in Kentucky, 1862," by Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, of Craig ancestry; an authoress of talent who lives in Washington, D. C. She presented me with the book in 1894, and informed me that "Ashley Hall," where the scene is laid, in Mason County, was the former home of Philemon Thomas, and was built by him near the close of the 18th century.

The mansion, two stories, stands upon a gentle elevation; a high, square portico is at the front, opening into a grand hall thirty feet wide and sixty feet long, into which opens rooms on both sides; on each side of the front and back doors of the hall are long, narrow windows, also "fan windows" above the doors; the hall was also lighted from a dome over the center of the mansion; the rear door of the hall opened upon a wide porch extending the full length of the building; two large fire-places with high mantels adorned the hall and gave a sense of comfort. Among the furniture were two "rockers" which were brought from Virginia by the original owner among his other effects; on the back of each a silver plate, inscribed "Hickory; Quaker; Virginia; 1785." A few old portraits were on the wall, one, full-

length of the original owner of Ashley Hall, in the uniform of a Continental officer, and his bride. The mantels were of ebonized wood; over one were trophies of the chase, over the other were four crossed swords; one from Yorktown, one from Tippecanoe, one from New Orleans, and one from Monterey.

I do not know the date that Philemon Thomas sold his farm and moved to Louisiana, but it must have been subsequent to 1806, for he was one of the executors of his father-in-law, John Hawkins, whose will was probated in September, 1806. Mrs. Nancy Moore, of Dover, Ky., a granddaughter of John Hawkins and Sarah Johnson, informed me, under date of May 24, 1894, that she thinks both his wives were buried on the farm.

At the time he emigrated to Louisiana the district he went to was known as "West Florida," and under the Spanish Government, which continued in possession after the cession of Louisiana and had a fort at Baton Rouge. The emigrants to this district were largely from the United States, especially Kentucky, Tennessee, and the South Atlantic States. These soon became discontented under Spanish rule, and an insurrection was organized (1810-11) under the lead of Philemon Thomas; an armed force was raised and Thomas was elected commander, and proceeded at once to attack the fort, and it fell into the hands of the insurgents, who organized a Civil Government. He served as a Member of Congress for two sessions,—1831-35. His life was full of interest and much adventure, and it is to be hoped that some of his descendants may some time engage to write it. His descendants by his wives, Mary Craig and Fanny Hawkins, live principally in Louisiana. Mrs. A. D. Hudgins, a great granddaughter living at Dutch Town, Ascension Parish, has furnished me valuable information. Some other descendants are the families of Allen, Bridges, Burnet, Harbin, Gayles, and Childs, of Baton Rouge; William Thomas, of Houma, Terre Bonne Parish, and Richard Rowland Thomas, of New Orleans.

Philemon Thomas was in religion a Baptist, and a Whig in politics, and, in accordance with his general character, was zealous in his beliefs. He was at the Battle of New Orleans, commanding the militia of the Baton Rouge district; but, as he was a political enemy of General Jackson, whom he detested, he was not made conspicuous by him in his report. In 1812 he was

the Whig candidate for Governor of Louisiana, opposed to Claiborne, Democrat, but was defeated mainly through a trick of the opposition. After serving as a Member of Congress he lived a quiet life at his home in Baton Rouge, and died November 8, 1847, aged eighty-three years.

A portrait of him hangs in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol. The original of his picture accompanying this book belongs to Mrs. A. D. Hudgins.

General Thomas deserves a recorded history among the heroes and builders of the American Nation. The Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge has files of local papers from 1832 to 1861, and considerable material for his life could probably be found in them

CAPTAIN JOHN HAWKINS, FIFTH MARYLAND.

There is Maryland record that Philemon Lloyd Hawkins and Edward Lloyd came to Charles County, Maryland, from Wales in 1650. There is also record that Henry Hawkins, St. Mark County, Maryland, made a will December 24, 1662, probated August 15, 1673. It mentioned his brother, Philemon Lloyd, who was named as executor; also Edward, son of Philemon Lloyd Hawkins. Does not seem to have any male children. There is Revolutionary record of John Hawkins, First Lieut. 4th Battalion of the Maryland Flying Camp, June to December, 1776; First Lieut. 5th Maryland Line, December, 1776; Captain, February 29, 1777; retired on account of ill health, January 1, 1781. He was from Queens County, and died 1782 at his home a few months after his resignation.

A letter from Mrs. Eleanor Chatard, of Washington, D. C., a descendant of this John Hawkins, informs me that the tradition in her family is that they are descended from a brother of the Admiral, Sir John Hawkins.

The heirs of this Captain John Hawkins petitioned the 24th Congress for bounty land and half pay due him (Senate Bill 117). The petitioners were Daniel McKim, George Williams, Elizabeth R. Williams, William A. Patterson and Frances Patterson, by their attorney, George Templeton. It is almost conclusive that the Adjutant Third Virginia, John Hawkins, and Captain John Hawkins, Fifth Maryland, had the same or near

kin ancestry of 1650, and that the Maryland families, the North Carolina family, and my own family, all having the name Philemon and belonging to different dates of emigration, had the same ancestry in the old country, and it is probable that a search in Wales would show much matter of family history.

CAPTAIN MOSES HAWKINS.

Moses Hawkins was appointed a Captain in the 14th Regiment, Virginia Line, February 24, 1777, and was killed at the battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777. I do not know his relationship to my branch of the family, but from the fact that my grandfather, Jameson Hawkins, named one of his sons "Moses," I judge they were nearly related, and he was probably descended from Joseph Hawkins, son of John (of King William), who died about 1742. The will of Captain Moses Hawkins is recorded in Book 2, page 522, Orange County, Virginia. He left a widow, Susanna, whom he married in Orange County in 1770, a daughter of William Strother, four children, viz: Sally, William Strother, Lucy, and Moses. The witnesses to the will, made April 16, 1777, are James Hawkins, Sarah Hawkins, and Benjamin Hawkins. In 1785 the children were mentioned as under ten years of age.

On the 17th of July, 1784, a warrant, No. 3326, for land was issued to William Strother Hawkins, heir-at-law to Moses Hawkins, in consideration of the latter's three years' service as Captain in the Virginia Continental Line.

I have had some correspondence with Mr. J. R. Darnell, a descendant of Moses Hawkins, through his son, William Strother Hawkins. Mr. Darnell mentions as of his family, descended from Moses Hawkins, Mrs. Annie Miles, of Frankfort, Ky., and Mrs. Mary Sterling Payne, of Hopkinsville, Ky.

A search of the records of Orange County prior to 1777 might show the parentage of Captain Moses Hawkins, and it is probable that John Hawkins, who married Gabriella, daughter of Gabriel Jones, the "Valley Lawyer," has the same ancestry.

THE GENTRY FAMILY.

Richard Gentry, of Kansas City, Mo., in his very interesting book, "The Gentry Family in America," gives his descent from

Nathan Hawkins, of Spotsylvania County, Virginia, born in 1716, and says: "It is generally believed and almost certain that this branch of the family is descended from William Hawkins, a famous sea captain, who was the father of Sir John Hawkins and William, his brother." Mr. Gentry has reason to be proud of his Gentry name, and in his preface gives this good advice:

"My injuncton to the parents of the family is to Educate, Educate, Educate. Every bright and promising young Gentry should have a college education, and each one can secure it if both parents and children are inspired by a worthy ambition and a proper amount of self-denial. More of our boys should be prepared for the military schools at West Point and Annapolis, where they will have a free education and be given an honorable position in the service of their country. If the parents of this generation will pay more attention to higher education, we will have more great men in the next generation to shed honor and glory upon the family."

I fully sympathize with this injunction of Mr. Gentry, and, as I am probably the oldest living member of my family and its connections, being now in my eighty-third year, I can assume the liberty of commending it to the serious thought and action of all bearing the Hawkins name or connected therewith.

CAPTAIN JOHN HAWKINS, ADJUTANT THIRD VIRGINIA LINE.

Captain John Hawkins, Third Virginia Regiment, Continental Line, was Regimental Adjutant September, 1777, to May, 1778; was promoted to a Captaincy succeeding Valentine Peyton, killed at Charlestown. According to Paxton, he was descended from Ralph Hawkins, who settled in Charles County, Maryland, about 1650. Maryland records show there was a Ralph Hawkins (perhaps the emigrant), of Anne Arundel County, who made his will in 1669; probated in 1675.

A daughter of this John Hawkins married John Adams Washington Smith, of Fauquier County, Virginia. One of his descendants is Courtlandt Hawkins Smith, son of Francis L. Smith, Alexandria, Va. The American Monthly Magazine, published at Washington, D. C., by the Daughters of the American

Revolution, contains in the May number, 1895, an article on the Adjutant, by a descendant, Margaret Vowell Smith, of Alexandria, Va., in which it is stated that Captain Hawkins was born in Charles County, Maryland, in 1750, and died in Fauquier County in 1905.

The heirs of the Adjutant petitioned the 27th Congress (1832) for back pay due him, but the Senate Committee made an adverse report on the petition, with leave to withdraw papers, and they were receipted for by Francis L. Smith.

Heirs of Captain Hawkins named Hord once petitioned Congress for the loss of a horse by the Captain. These heirs lived in Missouri. Petition presented by Mr. Edwards, a Representative from Missouri. Petition rejected.

HAWKINS FAMILY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In connection with John Hawkins, of King William County, and his son, Philemon, it is of interest to note that a Philemon Hawkins, born in England in 1695, emigrated with his wife, Eleanor (nee Howard), to Virginia in 1715, and settled in Charles River County in the neighborhood of Todd's Bridge, near relatives who had preceded him. (Such is the record or tradition familiar to his descendants.)

The Register of the Land Office at Richmond, Va., informs me that this Philemon Hawkins had patents of land granted him in King William County; two patents in 1719 and two in 1725, in that part of King William that is now King and Queen; that Todd's Bridge was in King and Queen over the Mattapony River. The probabilities are, almost to a certainty, that my ancestor, John Hawkings, of King William, was the relative near Todd's Bridge who had preceded the emigrant of 1715. The fact of their near residence in King William, and that the descendants of both families have, through several generations, carried the name Philemon and continue to carry it, shows beyond reasonable doubt their near relationship, and that their ancestry in England was the same.

Philemon, the emigrant, died in 1725, and about 1735 his widow and children, Philemon, John and Anne, moved to North Carolina, where many of their descendants now live. I heard mention in my family many years ago, before the subject of

family genealogy had any interest for me, that my grandfather, Jameson Hawkins, when a young man made a visit to his relatives in North Carolina.

In political and social life and in good citizenship the North Carolina family has been a credit to the Hawkins name. The family and its connections have been important factors in their State history.

THE HAWKINS FAMILY OF PORTLAND, IND.

The emigrant ancestor of the Portland family was Samuel Hawkins, who, with three brothers, Joseph, Benjamin and John, emigrated from Wales in 1685 and settled in Matthews County, Virginia, on the York River. Another brother came in 1791, and died soon after. John moved to Massachusetts. The youngest son, Samuel, born in 1712, settled in Shenandoah County. From this son Samuel are descended the following children:

Susan, married General John Sevier, first Governor of Tennessee.

Rebecca, married John Crockett.

Jane—Col. Joseph Campbell; moved to Tennessee.

Sally—Dr. Graham, of Winchester, Va.

Mary—John Byrd.

The sons were:

Joseph, who inherited the Virginia estate.

Benjamin—settled in Ohio.

Richard—went to Tennessee with John Sevier.

Samuel—great grandfather of Nathan Byrd Hawkins, born in 1762; died at Eaton, Ohio, in 1814, from wounds received in the War of 1812.

Nathan Byrd Hawkins recently called on me at Indianapolis, the first time I had ever seen him. I was struck with his great resemblance to my cousin, Jameson Hawkins, of Hannibal, Mo., son of my uncle, Elijah Hawkins. Morton S. Hawkins, a son of Nathan B. Hawkins, bears a strong resemblance to Sally Hatch, a granddaughter of Jameson Hawkins. A picture of Mrs. Caroline Hawkins Clarke, published in the News of Indianapolis, much resembles my Aunt Nancy Hawkins, a sister of my father; according to my remembrance of her, the expressions of face are identical.

The tradition in the Hawkins family of Portland is that David Crockett, hunter, soldier, member of Congress, was a son of Rebecca Hawkins. When Crockett emerged from obscurity and became a conspicuous figure in public life it was the culmination of an influential and useful career that had pertained to him in whatever neighborhood or among whatever people he had lived. His life from the beginning had been onward and upward, and was the outcome of a heredity derived from an ancestor (probably William Hawkins) many generations anterior to him, and his education as hunter, soldier, and foremost man among men in whatever locality he might be, led him on gradually to a final promotion into the roll of famous men.

The career of Crockett furnishes a remarkable illustration of the verity of Galton's theories on Heredity. "The principles of hereditary descent which permeates the characteristics of races and species, as displayed in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is a fundamental law of life, and man as a part of the animal kingdom is no exception to this law, his natural abilities being derived by inheritance, under the same rules and limitations as are the forms and physical features of the whole organic world."

CAPTAIN JOHN HAWKINS, COMMISSARY OF PROVISIONS.

This John Hawkins was of Hanover County, Virginia. His grandson, Edmund Waller Hawkins, of Newport, Ky., informs me that he lived eight or ten miles from Hanover Court House, in the neighborhood of "The Slashes," where Henry Clay was born.

Mr. J. Russell Hawkins, of Frankfort, Ky., a grandson of John Hawkins, prepared a carefully written account of him, so far as known, which is in the possession of his daughter, Mildred Hawkins. His tradition is that John Hawkins was third or fourth descendant from Captain William Hawkins, R. N., the father of Sir John Hawkins, and like him a distinguished explorer and navigator; that he came to America about the year 1743-44 with his three sisters and with the family of Colonel Thomas Langford, a British naval officer, and after stopping a short time at Norfolk, Va., they commenced an exploration of

the country and settled in the County of Hanover on Little River, a branch of the Pamunkey, about forty miles northwest of Richmond. Very soon thereafter John Hawkins married Mary, a daughter of Colonel Langford. One of his sisters married Elijah Morton in 1745, another married Anthony Waddy about the same time, and a third sister married ——— ———. The name of this third sister was not known to Mr. Russell Hawkins, but it was probably Mildred, and that she married John Thomas. There is record in Orange County, Virginia, Deed Book, March 1771: "John Thomas conveys to John and Joseph Hawkins in trust for the purpose of paying his debts, and for the sole support and maintenance of his wife, Mildred Thomas, certain lands, negroes and other personal property." There is further record in June, 1778: Joseph Hawkins, of Spotsylvania, and Milly Thomas, of Hanover County, convey 151 acres of land to Lewis Mills, of Orange County." John Hawkins named one of his daughters Mildred.

A further probability is that Joseph and John were brothers. They seem to have had close business associations for many years. There is record in Virginia State papers, Vol. 8, page 129, March 19, 1776: "A warrant to Joseph Hawkins for use of John Hawkins for two hundred pounds upon account of Commissary of Provisions to the Army." The Board in issuing the warrant seems to have understood and officially recognized the close personal or business relations existing between John and Joseph. On the 24th of the previous month, February, is recorded: "A warrant to John Hawkins for five hundred pounds on account of Commissary of Provisions."

Captain Hawkins seems to have been acting for several years as a Commissary under a Virgina State Commission, but finally, at a period when the Army was suffering for lack of supplies, he was appointed by Congress as Commissary, on the urgent request and recommendation of Governor Patrick Henry. Girardin, in his History of Virginia, Vol. 4, Page 329, says: "To the genius and exertion of Mr. Hawkins during the short time he lived after his appointment to the Commissary Department by the Board of War, much was also due. That gentleman had displayed in the discharge of his duties the most indefatigable activity. Nature and observation had fitted him for that sphere

of usefulness; his mind pervaded the whole State, and the effect of his services outlives him. He died near Richmond in May 1779."

A daughter of Captain Hawkins, Mildred, married Percival Butler, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution. A son of Mildred was General William O. Butler, of Kentucky, a soldier of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, a statesman and a poet. He was the author of "The Boatman's Horn," and other short poems, in which he shows a love of nature and a tender fancy, as is evidenced by the following extract:

O Boatman wind that horn again,
For never did the listening air
Upon its lambent bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain.

Then Boatman wind that horn again,
Though much of sadness marks its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear,
As oft they wake fond Memory's tear.

He was a brave soldier, a successful lawyer, and an educated, quiet gentleman. He was born in Jessamine County, Kentucky, in 1791; died at Carrollton, Ky., in 1880. Francis P. Blair, Jr., wrote a history of his life in 1848. He left no children.

Captain John Hawkins had a son, Martin, concerning whom the following adventure is related: That he was fishing in the James River, and having caught a large sturgeon and having him near shore, he jumped into the water and thrust his hands into his gills to land him, but the fish closed his gills on his hands and made for the deep water, where for some time there was a lively struggle for the mastery. Finally Martin landed the fish on the opposite shore. I have heard this story all my life as the wonderful performance of a relative; it is well known among all of the Hawkins name having relationship to him.

Referring to Colonel Thomas Langford, the retired Navy officer who came to America with Captain John Hawkins, the

following is of interest. The will of Sir John Hawkins, Admiral, approved in 1596, has the following clause:

"To my servant, Roger Langford, an annuity of twenty pounds during such term as he shall be employed in going through my accounts with Her Majesty, which accounts I willed him to follow by the direction of my wife and of my son, Richard Hawkins." (In this will he leaves his cousin, Sir Francis Drake, whom he had educated, "My best jewel, which is a cross of emeralds.") This will is here noted as showing a very long-time association between the Hawkins and Langford families.

A brother of General Butler was Richard Parker, who married Miss Bullock. Their daughter married John W. Menzies, a Member of Congress from Kentucky, 1861-63, afterwards a Judge in the Covington District. The only daughter of this marriage, Fanny, married Zenophon Hawkins, a grandson of Martin of the sturgeon adventure.

The relationship of my branch of the Hawkins family to this John Hawkins cannot be doubted. It cannot be traced by me, though the links in the connection were well known to the generation preceding me. A letter to me from one of his descendants, Mrs. Francis Hawkins, of Springfield, Mo., says: "All I know is from my grandfather, Richard P. Butler, a son of Mildred Hawkins and Percival Butler. I know he claimed kin with the two Mrs. Speeds, and could trace it up without a flaw in the record. One of the vivid and delightful memories of my childhood is a visit to cousin Margaret Speed, near Bardstown. I will never forget the grapevine swing and her nice boys, Hawkins and Austin."

Colonel Marshall Greene, a well-known historian and essayist, of Maysville, Ky. (whose first wife was Ann Eliza Butler, a granddaughter of Mildred Hawkins; his second wife, Patty E. Craig, a descendant of John Hawkins, of King William), writes me that he has heard General William O. Butler say that his family was related to the Hawkins family of North Carolina, and that Polly Craig (Mary Hawkins), the mother of the Baptist preachers, Lewis and Elijah Craig, was of the same family.

In the Spring of 1892, a short time after commencing my search into family history, I was informed of a Zenophon Hawkins, living in Springfield, Mo., to whom I wrote, giving some

account of my branch of the family and requesting such of his family history as he could give, at the same time sending my photograph. His wife, Francis Butler Hawkins, answered my letter. In her letter she says:

"I remember Mrs. John Speed very well. I always called her 'Cousin Miriam'; also Cousin Margaret (Mrs. Thomas Speed). Have often heard of Mrs. Canby, and there was another sister, Fanny, whom I have never seen. I am your kinswoman by blood and by marriage, being a lineal descendant of Mildred Hawkins and Percival Butler through his third son, Richard (P), my loved and honored grandfather, whose name I cannot mention without a feeling of adoration. Your photograph bears a strong resemblance to him, and I was much affected to see his aspect re-appear, through heredity, in so distant a relative."

Referring to Captain John Hawkins (of Norfolk or Hanover County), she says: "I know he had two cousins known in the family as Uncle Jack and Uncle Phil, who went South, one to Carolina and one to Mississippi." (Part of this statement is erroneous; both Phil (Philemon) and Jack (John) with their sister, Ann, emigrated to North Carolina; after a while John returned to Virginia.) As further evidence of relationship between my branch and the family of Captain John Hawkins, I have heard my sister, Miriam Speed, mention a relationship to General William O. Butler; also have heard that my father, when in Lexington, Ky., as a student in Transylvania University, knew personally as relatives some of the family who lived there.

Another fact circumstantial as to the relationship is that, about 1838, my sister, Louisa (Mrs. Canby), returning to Crawfordsville from a visit to Kentucky, brought with her two boys, brothers, Antoine Domineuil and Ross Hawkins, sons of Littlebury Hawkins, a descendant of Captain John Hawkins, Commissary of Provisions. They lived with us for several years and were students at Wabash College. I do not remember the link of relationship, which was remote but well understood, and they always called my father "Uncle John" and my mother "Aunt Eliza." Their father was then living in Texas, where he died about 1840.

A further indication of family relationship is that John Hawkins, of Georgetown (my great grandfather), had by his second

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GEN. JOHN P. HAWKINS

marriage, among other children, a son named William, born in 1784, who married Lydia Todd Francis. One of his sons was named "Littlebury." A stranger one time entered the office of my nephew, Austin P. Speed, of Louisville, Ky., and, as he approached, he was struck by his resemblance to me. He introduced himself as I. Russell Hawkins, of Frankfort, Ky. This Russell Hawkins was a descendant of John Hawkins, Commissary of Provisions.

REMINISCENCES
OF
GENERAL JOHN P. HAWKINS,
U. S. ARMY.

"I have had playmates, I have had companions—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures, too;
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

"Now go, write it before them on a tablet, and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come, forever and forever." : : :

It has been said that the life of any man, faithfully portrayed, will have some points of interest to the general reader, and in the following pages, narrative of a moderately eventful life, it may be hoped that the reader will find some presentations that will repay him for the perusal. Every individual has experiences and a *pointe de vue* that are not shared by any one else, and for that reason, especially in cases of those in public life, it is worth while they should be noted in print, and thus in a measure contribute to the enlightenment of the present generation and to the records of History.

I was born in Indianapolis, Ind., September 29, 1830, and about six months thereafter my parents moved to Covington, Ind., a town that was supposed to have a great future, being in the midst of a rich agricultural country and on the Wabash River. Cities at that date, before the advent of railroads, could only grow on navigable waters, and Covington had a direct water route to New Orleans, the then emporium of all the western region embracing Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri and other localities. Railroads were then almost an unknown factor in the development of lands, places and peoples, and so it was that my father, looking toward the future, turned his back on Indianapolis and made his home in Covington, where he entered into business as a merchant, and at the same time purchased a farm of a thousand acres three miles from town, and did a large business as a farmer.

But the expectations that Covington was to be an important commercial place and a large city were never realized, and it is at this time an unimportant town of about two thousand inhabitants. There was then living there a number of families of culture, and of importance in the futury history of Indiana, among them, Jeff Evans, a noted politician; David Wallace, who became Governor of the State (father of General Lew Wallace), and Edward A. Hannegan, a United States Senator and noted Democrat. Among others I remember Edmund A. Hovey, Professor at Wabash College, who used to come often to Covington to preach and lecture. I remember him as addressing the children in Sunday-school. He used to stay at our home on these visits, for though my parents were not Presbyterians, they had open hands and hearts to all who were laboring for Christian advancement.

The schools of Covington being of an inferior quality, my sisters, Louisa and Miriam, were sent to the Georgetown Female College, Kentucky, to be educated, and were there several years. When Louisa returned after finishing her education, we were living on our farm, and there being no school nearby, my father prevailed on her to open a little school on the farm in a log school house, where I have my first remembrance of a school. I was perhaps then four years old and my remembrances are not all pleasant of the school hours spent there. It was distasteful to

me and I wanted to be at home. Most persons would have similar recollections of the tiresome restraints of school hours when at that age.

Associated with my father in business was his brother-in-law, Isaac Newton Sanders, who had married his sister, Lucinda. My remembrances of her are most pleasant. She was a good cook, a bountiful provider for her family, and my visits to her home were always made happy with something good to eat. Perhaps it was somewhat in accordance with the common saying that food away from home always tastes good, and in accordance with the adage, "Change of pasture makes fat calves."

Just across the street from us in Covington lived David Wallace, then Lieutenant Governor of Indiana. His wife was taken sick and died after a short illness. My mother, during her illness and afterwards, took charge of her house and cared for the brothers, William, Lewis and Edward. They were cared for as of our family, and General Lew once speaking to me of that period of his life, said my mother was good in her care of them and gave them the same whippings she applied to her own children. After Mrs. Wallace's death and the house was vacated, it was the frequent habit of the boys, William and Lew, and my brother, Edward, to go over to the house and play on the porch and in the garden. One day when thus engaged, William and my brother being on the porch, my brother was attracted by a figure in the nearby room passing by the window. He called out, "William, look! look!" The figure smiled at William, passed on and vanished. He said, "It is my mother." All this occasioned a little commotion, and Lewis hearing it came rushing to the porch from the garden, crying out, "I want to see my mother!" but she had passed on. I have often heard my brother tell the story in all seriousness. He firmly believed that he saw Mrs. Wallace, and in recent years General Wallace spoke of the occurrence as I have always heard it.

I remember well the time when the Wallace boys were domiciled in our home, and when Governor Wallace had arranged for their removal elsewhere I remember a carriage arrived to take them on their journey. They were called in from their play and made to wash their feet and put on their shoes. It was customary at that period, especially in the West and South, for

boys and girls to go barefooted in the summer, a custom attended with many inconveniences and pains to the feet, through injuries inflicted by stray nails, tacks and broken glass, and I can easily bring on the "shivers" by calling to mind my sufferings. But boys would go barefooted, in spite of parents' objections, and they endured the penalty with dogged resolution—to continue in the practice. It is fortunate for present childhood that the custom has no longer its vogue, but has been relegated into obsoleteness with other barbarities that humanity has passed through in its struggle for existence and toward a more comfortable life.

When I was about five years old we moved to Newtown, a small place about fourteen miles from Covington, where my father made a venture in business in company with his brother, Elijah, whose son, Jameson, came and lived with us as a clerk in the store and to look after his father's interests. But the business was a failure; bad credits and hard times were against success, and after a couple of years of trials the business failed, and the assets reached near the zero mark. Cousin Jameson left us and went to join his people at Hannibal, Mo., where he became an influential citizen, with many varying fortunes in business. He was a man of wonderful vitality, optimistic in his expectations, and seeing a fortune within his grasp in whatever venture he might be engaged.

My first attendance at real school was at Newtown. The teacher, Ben Flathers, was severe and I thought cruel. The fingers of his right hand were twisted and crooked with rheumatism, but this did not interfere with his use of the rod, and he seemed to lay it on the back of an unfortunate boy with eager delight. I then thought that he was determined to show that a lame hand was no bar to his masterful usefulness. Whipping was at that time considered as absolutely necessary for imparting knowledge and for bringing up a child in the way it should go. The teacher stood in *loco parentis* so far as bodily correction was involved, but there was a total lack of affection to temper it.

From Newtown we moved to Crawfordsville, because of the college and other good schools located there. The popular school there for boys and girls was kept by Mrs. Maddox, who taught the usual primary branches, also painting and music. She was

an accomplished woman and a strict disciplinarian. A daughter had married Mr. Samuel Wilson; another daughter, Lucy, was an assistant in the school. She afterwards married William MacDonald, of Attica. I have most pleasant recollections of her as she was kind to help me in my lessons—and sympathized with me when I was kept in after hours for some neglect in behavior or recitation.

My father made a new start in business, in partnership with his brother-in-law, I. N. Sanders, but, like other experiences of the kind, it proved a failure. Mr. Sanders was given the remnant of the stock of goods, with which he moved to Iowa, and my father took over the debts for settlement, and in doing so lost about all his property, the loss culminating about the time of his death, in the Fall of 1841. My father had not the training or methods of a business man.

After my father's death my mother gathered up what remnants of property were left, and held her family together till her death, in April, 1845. In the meantime, anxious for the education of her children, sending them to the best schools then existing in Crawfordsville. Two years after her death I became a student at Wabash College, where I remained till appointed to West Point Military Academy by John Pettit, Member of Congress from our district.

I always felt under great obligations to him for this appointment, and have been informed that he followed my career in the army with great interest and approval, especially as to the part I took in the Civil War, and expressed great satisfaction in the fact that he had selected me for the appointment. I never saw him again after my first interview with him seeking the appointment, and have regretted the fact that I could not have thanked him as a mature man for what he did for me when a boy in setting me out in an honorable career.

WEST POINT.

Of life at West Point I will say little. It was a four-year course of hard physical and mental experiences, made up of continuous tasks in either drill, study or recitations. Mathematics was difficult for me, but I did tolerably in language and English studies, though not sufficiently well for a good standing to coun-

terbalance the lack in mathematics, especially in the studies where drawings and descriptive geometry were involved. It interests me here to note that one of my classmates was Phil Sheridan. One day when we had progressed a little in descriptive geometry I was complaining to him of how hard I found it, that planes and lines in space were hard for me to see. He expressed his great pleasure in the study, that it was very easy to him, that all he required for a study of the lesson was to carefully read the synopsis, then shut his eyes and his brain would trace out planes, lines intersections and all relative positions. He had a topographical mind, and it was of use to him in after years in developing him into the brilliant General that he became. It has been said that a General should have such an imagination that he could see through a stone wall, which means that he should have a topographical mind, a mind that sees things in space, beyond sight, and out of reach. Having knowledge of Sheridan's talents in this respect, I once asked General Grant, and on another occasion General George H. Thomas, as to how they succeeded at West Point in descriptive geometry and the studies involving it. They both said that such parts of the student course were extremely easy for them, and I have consequently deduced the theory that a cadet to whom the descriptive course is difficult or unattainable is not good material for a general officer, certainly not for one to command an army, though he might possibly do to command a brigade, and nothing higher. I do not wish to be understood as meaning that a descriptive mind will fit one for command, but the lack of it should bar one from a high position in the army.

It has been said that the first battle of Bull Run, planned by Barnard of the Engineers, was the best planned possible, and that it was the poorest executed that was ever fought. I will venture the assertion that the records of West Point would show that the commander at that battle stood low or mediocre in his class in descriptive studies, and those correlated to or involved in them. I know that once during his army service, having to decide upon the plans of a dwelling house, he could not understand therefrom the relative positions of rooms, doors and windows.

The Adjutant General of a corps that was part of Sherman's

command in his "March to the Sea" informed me after the war that his corps commander was in a confused state of mind during the entire march, as to the relative positions of the parts of his command to each other, and of their relationship to other commands. This officer had commanded a corps previously in another field of operations and on one occasion had placed his corps in such a position that the enemy, seeing that one of his flanks was badly placed *en air*, came down upon it with a smashing force and put it to rout. The unfitness of this officer for so large a command was organic and irremediable. Nature had not endowed him with a mental vision, and I have no doubt that at West Point the problems of "Descriptive" were unattainable to him, excepting in so far as he could memorize them for a recitation. But memory alone cannot be a substitute for the *coup d'oeil* necessary for the commander of a large body of troops. Grouchy at Waterloo is another instance of failure to *see*.

It would seem that this faculty of mentally seeing an object not presented visually is very necessary for the surgeon, and a medical student who may not have skill in demonstrating a descriptive problem of geometry should not venture into surgery as a specialty, and indeed should keep clear of it as far as possible in practice, for he is required to see in his mind veins, arteries, muscle, etc., etc., and their relationship, while they are hidden from his actual sight, just as a General, in order to have his forces in hand, must have a view of their relationship to each other not only at the commencement of a battle, but during the progress of the fight, keeping in his mind the ever varying changes brought about by each change of position in any part of his command. Sheridan and Grant were endowed with such gifts in an eminent degree, and much of their success was owing to this possession.

I knew Sheridan intimately at the Point. He was always a gentleman, full of good, sound sense, and correct in everything that engaged his attention. I remember him well in the Riding Hall. He rode with his whole body, as full of action as the horse he was on, and when he used his sabre to cut at the heads it was done as if the head of an enemy was being encountered and he was determined to cut it off. I can see him now, with his flushed

face, his cap fallen back on his neck and held in place by the chin strap, eager in look and excited by the ride. He so impressed his friends by these characteristics that they were reminded of the famous ride celebrated by Cowper, and humorously called by him "John Gilpin."

I graduated at West Point in June, 1852, and was assigned a Brevet Second Lieutenant to the 6th Infantry, was granted a leave of absence till the latter part of September, which I spent principally at Indianapolis, Bardstown and Louisville, Ky. The headquarters of my regiment was at Jefferson Barracks, near Saint Louis, and late in September I took a steamboat at Louisville en route to Saint Louis. On the boat I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Grant, who was going to her old home in the country near Saint Louis. We became good friends, and she told me how she and Grant became engaged—not through any direct declaration, but one day he took off his class ring and put it on her finger. She accepted it and said she knew it was "all right." She had with her an infant who was afterwards General Fred Grant. When we arrived at Saint Louis I took charge of her baggage and procured a carriage to take her to her home, and arranged for the storage of some household property that she had with her. General Grant (then Captain Grant) had gone with his regiment—the 4th Infantry—to the Pacific Coast, and in course of time resigned and rejoined his wife at Saint Louis.

My orders required me to report to the Colonel of my regiment, Newman S. Clark, headquarters at Jefferson Barracks, by a certain date, and after securing quarters at the Planters and remaining there a few days I went to Jeffersonville Barracks and reported to my Colonel, and he at once issued orders for me to proceed to Fort Kearney, Oregon Route, and report to the commanding officer, Captain Wharton. In order to do this I proceeded to Fort Leavenworth by steamboat, where I met Lieut. Hugh B. Fleming, of my class, who was en route to Fort Laramie. The Post Quartermaster outfitted us with a six-mule team to carry our baggage and camp equipage, and a riding mule for each of us, and after a delay of one or two days we started on our journey across the plains. We had an escort of four soldiers, for the trip was through an Indian country. Neither Kansas nor Nebraska was organized as a Territory, and as Indian title

to the land had not been extinguished in the country west of the Missouri River, it was not open for white settlement. No white men were allowed there except some Indian traders in the vicinity of Indian villages.

Our journey to Kearney was uneventful; we made it in nine days, travelling leisurely and making early camps, not meeting a human being on the way. The road was that usually taken by emigrant trains for Oregon and California that outfitted from western places such as Liberty and Independence, Mo., and was as plainly marked as any road between two well settled towns in our country. It has often been called the Oregon Trail, but "trail" does not express the well beaten road that it was, for it had been travelled over for many years, first by the wagons of Indian traders, and afterwards by the thousands of emigrants to California and Oregon, and even before them pathways had been made by wild animals along the streams and crossing from one stream to another. These pathways were made along the lines of least resistance, those offering the least obstruction to travel. It has been said of Fremont that he was the "Pathfinder," but the wild animals, the Indian and the fur trader had long preceded him. He travelled over beaten and well-known paths. I remember, apropos of the word "trail," that it was not in use at that time among us who lived at Kearney.

Kearney was officially designated as "Fort Kearney, O. R," or "Oregon Route." There was also an Oregon Route on the north side of the Platte River. This was travelled by emigrants outfitting from Council Bluffs, Iowa, and was the favorite route for the Mormon trains en route to and from Salt Lake City. These Mormon trains were well conducted and orderly. They treated the Indians well and seldom had any trouble with them or among themselves. There were frequent troubles with other trains, and our commanding officer was often called upon as umpire to settle disputes among the emigrants. He had no power to enforce his decisions, but his position in that wilderness gave him a prestige like unto the ruler of a satrapy, and he generally brought about a reconciliation between the contending, dissatisfied ones that sought his intervention. The Indians, those living in the vicinity of Kearney, were the Pawnees, and occasionally roving war parties of Sioux and Cheyennes visited the

Post. They were at war constantly with the Pawnees, and our commanding officer tried hard to make peace between them. The Pawnees, being much inferior in strength to the others, were fully impressed with the advantages that peace would have for them, but the great obstacle in the way was the fact that the Pawnees did not raise horses, and if peace existed they would have no means for supplying their needs. The Pawnees were perhaps the most expert horse thieves of all the Indian tribes, and their occupation in this line would be gone if the Siouxs were no longer their enemy, and so their war parties continued to raid each other, and the meeting of these war parties with the overland emigrants was often the occasion of depredations more or less serious.

Life at Kearney was exceedingly monotonous. It was a one company Post, the commander of the company, Captain Wharton, being the Post Commander. Our society consisted of Captain Wharton and Mrs. Wharton, Lieut. E. G. Marshall, and the surgeon, R. H. Alexander. The latter two and myself formed a mess of very modest appointments Our mess room was a sod house covered with soil, and when it rained the leaks were innumerable. Our supplies were furnished from the Commissary. We knew nothing of poultry, as there was none to be had. Beef, pork and buffalo meat were the staples. Buffalo were numerous in the vicinity, and for economy we subsisted largely on that meat, though it could not be compared in quality with beef. When the proper season arrived for their appearance the buffalo could be seen grazing within a mile of the Post, and it was a common thing for a hunter to go out from the Post followed by a four?mule team to bring in the meat, and I remember that once a buffalo was killed in the Post right in front of the soldiers' kitchen. He had been driven in by the chase and must have been bewildered by the surroundings of the houses he encountered, so very different from his accustomed expanse of wide, unobstructed plain.

We had a mail from Independence, Mo., once a month, and were always eager for its arrival. It brought our letters from home and piles of newspapers. What we read was always "news" to us, but in reality was "staleness." It can be imagined that in such a small world we became tired of it and of

each other, and when conditions were no longer tolerable we had recourse to a hunting party to where the buffalo were known to be, generally within a day's trip. So with a six-mule team and an escort of three or four soldiers we would set out for our hunt and spend about a week among the buffalo. By that time we would become tired of camp life and return to our Post and the comforts of a house and cleanliness of living, and for a while after we expressed our feeling that "Kearney was not such a bad place after all."

The possibilities of Nebraska soil had not then been developed, and we did not think much of its capabilities. Some attempts were made in raising vegetables, sometimes successful and often failures, by reason of drouth or ravages of grasshoppers. The summer of 1853 we had a very promising Post garden, but about ten o'clock one day the grasshoppers came, and before night our garden was a desolation, every green thing eaten up by them. They appeared to have a destructive appetite for anything in their way. Onion bulbs were eaten down into the ground, and red peppers were as ravenously consumed as any other plants. On the morning referred to, it was reported that a herd of buffalo were grazing in the foothills nearby, and Lieut. Heth (afterwards General Heth), with a mule team and several soldiers went out for a killing. I stood on the back porch of my quarters and saw the party proceed to and disappear in the foothills. Soon after their disappearance I saw a cloud appear just about where they had entered the foothills, and I wondered how any of the party could have been so careless as to set the grass on fire. The cloud rapidly approached the Post and soon I perceived that it was a cloud of grasshoppers that were alighting around me, soon covering my person and biting, if allowed to remain on me. One that alighted on my hand was allowed there while I examined it, but not for long, for it commenced to make a meal of me, digging into the cuticle sufficient to make a sore place. A person who has never seen a swarm of grasshoppers cannot imagine their multitude, their hunger and power to ravage. Nothing was saved from our garden, and it was too late in the season to replant, so we were indeed a mournful community. These grasshoppers were subsequently a great drawback to the prosperity of Nebraska, and have appeared several times. One season their

ravages were so great that the people were in danger of starvation, and Congress appropriated a considerable sum to purchase food for distribution among the unfortunates. Of late years their visitation has ceased, and it is to be hoped they will nevermore appear.

Lieut. Marshall was Quartermaster and Commissary of the Post and was excused from duty with the company, and so I was the only tactical assistant to the company commander, who gave into my hands pretty much everything pertaining to police, drill and guard duty, and in these duties I was allowed almost free scope. The troops were required to provide the Post with wood cut from the Islands near the Post in the Platte River. I was assigned to the duty of managing the wood train. I accompanied the teams to the woods, supervised the loading of each team, and largely increased the amount each team should haul, with the result that, as I was told, Kearney had never before been so well supplied with fuel. The trouble had been that formerly each teamster wanted to favor his team and objected to a load to the full capacity of the team. I doubled the loads, and without injury to the teams.

The Army has, since the first settlement of our country, been the pioneer in advance of our people in the forward movement of occupying the land, as Indian title may have been extinguished, and the privations or hardships attendant on this pioneer position have, in the minds of army officers, been associated with and attributed to the natural outcome from climate or soil. Consequently the Army has usually undervalued its pioneer surroundings, usually condemning them as in comparison with what they were accustomed to in older, settled localities. I remember one day we were discussing the rapid progress of the State of Iowa, its rapid increase in population, and one of us ventured the wonder as to when Nebraska, especially that part near us, would be settled, and was answered that it would be settled when the Almighty had no other place where a white man could go,—and that was about the opinion of all of us. Nebraska is now among the prosperous States, its hills and valleys settled by thriving communities, and railroads coursing along its many rivers.

In the Fall of 1854 I was promoted to be a Second Lieutenant

in the Second Infantry, and was ordered to my company then stationed at Fort Ridgeley, Minn. The Assistant Inspector, General Oscar F. Winship, was at Kearney returning from his inspection of Posts further west, and I took advantage of his escort and proceeded with him to Fort Leavenworth, where I took a steamboat for Saint Louis, and from there went by rail to Galena, Ill., which had a line of steamers running to Saint Paul, Minn. Arriving at Saint Paul I reported in person to the commanding officer at Fort Snelling, Major T. W. Sherman, who provided me with transportation to Fort Ridgeley. I carried with me a small supply of groceries which I had purchased in Galena. At that time all supplies for the upper Mississippi River came from Saint Louis or Galena. Minnesota was sparsely settled and did not raise enough for home consumption. There was no conception that Minnesota was to become the headquarters of the flour business for the United States, and it was a long time before the improved method of treating Spring wheat and grinding it into first-class flour was discovered.

Fort Ridgeley was situated on the Saint Peters River, about 120 miles from Snelling. The Post was established as a protection against the Sioux Indians. The settlers were few and with small means, but they were coming in rapidly and taking up homesteads. Our garrison consisted of three companies of the Second Infantry,—Captains Hayden, Sully and Steele. The latter did not join till Spring, and in the meantime I had command of the company, the First Lieutenant being absent, I believe, on recruiting service. Then, as now, there was great complaint in the Army because of the many officers absent from their companies, and at this period the Secretary of War, Jefferson David, issued an order stating that the place of duty of a captain of a company was with his company, and directing that in future a captain would not be placed on any permanent detail that would separate him from his company. I do not know how long the order remained in force. It has, however, not been observed for many years, and now captains appear to be as eligible as lieutenants for detail away from their companies.

Among the Sioux of the plains there was a chief whose sobriquet was "The Man Afraid of His Horse," and in recent years there was a captain in the army who remained away from

his company by special detail for many years, in fact never saw it, and he was given the humorous title of "The Captain Afraid of His Company." There should be a strict rule to keep all captains with their companies. The service suffers because of absentee captains, the command of the company often devolving on a Second Lieutenant, perhaps one without any experience.

Captain Steele, my company commander, while a Second Lieutenant in the Mexican War, was brevetted a Captain for gallant service at Conturas and Chapultepec, when he volunteered for the party "The forlorn hope," or as the French characterize it, "*Les Enfants perdus.*" We were very proud of Captain Steele in our regiment. He was an accomplished officer, and, when he died, in 1868, his epitaph, as written in the hearts of all who knew him, was "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

Another officer of our regiment was Nathaniel Lyon, respected by all for his intelligence, zeal and honesty. His work in Saint Louis in organizing Union regiments saved Missouri to the Union cause. He loved his country and what little property he possessed through years of close economy he willed to the United States in grateful remembrance for the advantages that had been bestowed on him by his country in educating him at West Point, and its favorable acknowledgment of his services in various positions of trust. At the time that Lyon was in command at Saint Louis, in the very early stages of the difficulties in Missouri, the Governor of the State and General Price had an interview with Lyon and tried to arrange with him for recognizing the neutrality of the State, which had been agreed to by Lyon's predecessor, General Harvey. But Lyon stoutly resisted the continuance of the compact and upheld the right of the Federal Government to send its forces to any locality in the Union and use them to maintain peace or punish those in revolt. Colonel Frank Blair, a lawyer and a skilled politician, accompanied Lyon at this conference, with the expectation, as he afterwards said, that he would have to do the talking and meet the points made by Governor Jackson and General Price in their claims for State supremacy. But Lyon was so ready and exhaustive in his laying down the reasons for maintaining Federal authority that Mr. Blair had nothing to say. Lyon showed a complete knowledge as to the proper relationship of State and Federal authority.

About this time a company of Secession State troops made a lodgement near the arsenal where Lyon was in command, and commenced an earthwork. But as soon as they were perceived Lyon sent them word to "get out of there" or he should turn his cannon on them; that he would not allow a Fort Sumpter affair to be re-enacted, where the rebels had been allowed to erect batteries near to and in plain sight of the fort, preparatory to firing on it.

I remained at Ridgeley till August, 1857, when the companies were relieved and ordered to march across the country to Fort Pierre, on the upper Missouri River. We were relieved by companies of the 10th Infantry, and went into camp near the Post. In the meantime I had been assigned to the position of Quartermaster for the march and proceeded to Saint Louis to arrange for the transportation of the troops across to the Missouri; but after considerable delay there I could not have satisfactory arrangements made, and returned to Ridgeley. While at Saint Louis on this duty I was one day in Colonel Sumner's office, the Departmental Commander, when there came into the office William Kearney, a resident of Saint Louis—a son of General Stephen Kearney. He came to pay his respects to Colonel Sumner as an old friend of his father, and in course of conversation spoke of the disastrous hard times then prevailing, and how all kinds of business depression existed. He said that he was very sorry for "Sam Grant," then living near Saint Louis; that he was seeking employment, but could not find anything; that he had expectations of obtaining a position as a street car conductor, but had been disappointed. Less than four years after this Grant was a Brigadier General in command of an important army, and his career was thereafter invariably onward and upward, till he achieved the highest position that an admiring and grateful people could bestow upon him.

Returning to Fort Ridgeley, I at once proceeded to organize an ox team for our transportation, purchasing the oxen in the neighborhood. Many of these were simply unbroken steers, but after a while we had them in tolerable condition for work. We had soldiers for drivers, most of them inexperienced, but they were zealous to master this new duty, and before long had their teams well in hand. Spare oxen were taken along to relieve

those that might become foot-sore or broken down. These were driven in a herd behind the train. It was the custom when a broken down ox was relieved of his yoke to turn him over to the Subsistence Department and have him slaughtered and issued on arrival at camp, and it was often an expression of the soldiers on seeing an ox relieved from his yoke, "Bye's, we are going to have some fresh beef for supper."

Our march was commenced on the 28th day of August. I never worked so hard before or since; was up by three o'clock in the morning, and often did not get to sleep till after ten p. m., busy rearranging teams and attending to repairs. The country was full of sloughs and their crossing was often difficult. Lieutenant Geo. D. Ruggles, our adjutant, had charge of the pioneer party that preceded the train, equipped with shovels and grass scythes. Grass was abundant near the sloughs, and the business of the pioneers was to cut grass in quantities and spread it over the soft places, and in this way we usually made the crossing without difficulty or much delay. Lieut. Ruggles became very proficient and skilled in this duty and soon arrived at a perfect knowledge as to the management of his party. Usually the badge of an army pioneer has been a miniature axe or hatchet, but for our party it would have been a scythe and shovel, handles crossed. We had for guide a French voyageur, who knew the route and the location of streams and water holes. There was no beaten road; our way was the trackless prairie, and it was wonderful the knowledge our guide had in safely locating our daily line of march. The weather was delightful, nights rather cold, but the days were often hot. I remember well the hottest day of our march was the third day of October, crossing the "Cote Prairie." More men straggled, more oxen gave out, than on any day of the march. Most of the water buckets fell to pieces, and it was a day of universal uneasiness for man and beast.

Arriving at Fort Pierre, we rested the train for a couple of days and then took up our line of march for Fort Randall, which we accomplished in a few days. It was late in the season, there were no quarters for us, and we camped in the bottom and went to work to "hut" ourselves, building log cabins for officers and soldiers. I remember my cabin was quite small—twelve feet square—that was all I needed. Chairs to sit in were few, and

we had to content ourselves with small boxes and half barrels. The winter was a severe one, and the deep snow made it difficult for going about. Drill was almost impossible, and there were few excursions to dispel the monotony. I had a few books and spent much of my time in reading. I messed with Captain Steele. He was a good provider, and so far as our table was concerned we fared exceedingly well. The sutler's store was our club house, and so was the headquarters for sociability. I remember a raffle that was held there. Lieut. John Pegram, about to leave for the East, put up his horse for raffle, valued at three hundred dollars. The sutler won the horse, and as soon as it was declared in his favor he commenced moving toward the rear of his store, saying, "Well, fellows, I will turn out the whiskey." At this Captain Steele jumped up from his seat and exclaimed vigorously, "No you don't! You have got a three hundred dollar horse from us. Whiskey won't do. You have got to turn out the champagne." The sutler acquiesced and the raffle ended to the satisfaction of all present.

The temperature for a long time was several degrees below zero, and when at length the cold abated and the thermometer reached zero, we used to assemble in front of the commanding officer's office and rejoice in the mildness. The reappearance of sun and clear sky were welcomed as a blessing.

The following June—1858—my company was sent back to Ridgeley. The baggage was shipped by steamboat via Saint Louis, and I was detailed to take charge of the shipment and care for the laundresses (soldiers' wives) who were sent by steamer. At Saint Louis I transferred to an Upper Missssippi steamboat for Saint Paul, and in due course delivered my charges, baggage and women, at Fort Ridgeley, where we spent the winter, performing the usual routine service pertaining to garrison duty. During part of my service at Ridgeley I was the Post Adjutant, and in making inspection of the men at guard mounting in cold weather it was my custom to notice the noses to see if any man was being frozen, and in such case I would warn him, "Your nose is freezing." He would at once step to the snow bank in front, rub his nose with a handful of snow and then resume his place in ranks. The cold was often so intense that a nose or ear would become white with freezing, and the

soldier, innocently ignorant of his condition, had to be informed of it.

Late in the summer of 1858 we were ordered to proceed to the Red River of the north with two companies and establish a new Post at a point on the river near where now is the town of Breckenridge. General Scott named the Post "Fort Abercrombie," in compliment to Colonel Abercrombie, who conducted the march there from Ridgeley, and commanded it till winter set in. As at Randall, we had to build log huts for our winter protection, and by the time severe cold weather came we were fairly housed. The neighborhood of the Post was well timbered, and logs suitable for cabins were abundant. The roofs of the cabins were covered with earth made into mortar, a warmer covering than if of boards or shingles. We were told that all the country about us was subject to spring floods and inundations from the overflow of the Red River. This river has its rise near the headwaters of the St. Peters, and runs almost due north, emptying into Lake Winnipeg. It follows that, when the spring thaw arrives to melt the snows, the first thawing commences in the south, gradually proceeding to the north as warm weather advances, so that the accumulated waters are obstructed by the ice dams northward, and overflow of the country is inevitable. We found this to be the case the following Spring. The rising waters soon deluged our huts which were built in the bottom and drove us to the higher banks. There were such adverse reports made of the conditions that late next Fall the Post was ordered to be abandoned, and I was left there temporarily to ship the stores elsewhere.

In the meantime I had been appointed Regimental Quartermaster, and ordered to Saint Louis, the headquarters of the regiment, commanded by Colonel Francis Lee. I proceeded there, but did not remain long, as there was no duty for me to perform, and I was ordered to return to Minnesota and assigned to Fort Ridgeley as Post Quartermaster. I may now recall that in the midst of the winter spent at Abercrombie I made a trip to Saint Paul, travelling by way of Otter Tail Lake and Fort Ripley. I had two soldiers with me, and a Mr. Woodbury. We had a six-mule team and camped on the way, there being scarcely any settlements convenient on the route. The weather was cold

when we started and became worse. At Otter Tail Lake the people said we could never get through and advised our lying over, but I had reliance on the endurance of our party and pushed on, encountering no greater hardship than was endurable. Our greatest danger was that the mules might freeze during a night, but no accident occurred. I look back on that trip as the most dangerous I have ever made in cold weather. Arriving at Ripley, we were soon cared for, Mr. Woodbury and myself being hospitably received by Mrs. Alexander J. Perry, wife of Lieut. Perry. This was my first meeting with that good woman, and our acquaintance has been long continued with occasional breaks dependent on the changes incident to the service. My trip to Saint Paul was for the purpose of cashing some official cheques of the War Department, which having been accomplished I returned to Abercrombie by way of Sauk Rapids and Alexandria. The weather had abated by this time and our journey was made without apprehension or difficulty.

I spent the winter of 1858-9 at Ripley as Post Quartermaster, and in the Spring was ordered to Jefferson Barracks. Dixon S. Miles was then colonel of the regiment, a man of fine intellect, a good soldier, and the most agreeable Post Commander I ever served under. He understood thoroughly the details of army service and knew when to give orders and when to refrain from giving them. As a consequence he was on good terms with all his officers and his administration went along smoothly with great satisfaction to all under him. He received brevets for gallant services in the Mexican War and was killed at Harper's Ferry in 1862, where he had been assigned to the command without sufficient troops for its defense. He had applied for reinforcements without success. His defense of Harper's Ferry was almost that of a "forlorn hope." Vale! vale! my old colonel. You deserved a better fate, and were a victim to the disastrous mismanagement which at that period seemed to control the movements of the army in that part of Virginia.

I want to state here that when, late in the previous Fall, I went to Saint Louis, I took my horses, a pair, with me by steamboat; but when I was ordered back to Minnesota the river had frozen over and I was obliged to leave them. A friend, General D. M. Frost, kindly offered to have them cared for on a farm

several miles north of Saint Louis, where they were placed. On returning to Jefferson Barracks in the Spring, I sent for my horses and they were brought through Saint Louis down to the Barracks, where they were occasionally turned out to pasture. They took advantage of this to jump over the fence and leave. The day after this was discovered a man was sent in search of them and traced them around to the west of Saint Louis, and they were finally found at the farm where they had spent the winter. It was a remarkable case of animal instinct that led them to the farm in a roundabout way, travelling far from any route they had ever been on, a large city intervening between them and their goal, requiring them to go half way around it, guided only by the general direction, which must have been well fixed in their minds.

It was pleasant serving at Jefferson Barracks. We had frequent intercourse with the people in Saint Louis and in our neighborhood. Among those who contributed most to our enjoyment was Henry T. Blow and his family. They all came one summer day to our Post and made a picnic on the grounds and invited our people, officers and wives, to share in their festivity, and we had a very delightful time. It seemed to be a reunion of the several branches of the Blow family, and everybody enjoyed the occasion. This was to me the beginning of an acquaintance with Henry T. Blow and his charming family that subsequently developed into intimate friendship, and I was often a visitor to their hospitable home near Carondolet, and to this day have a most grateful recollection of their kindness and sympathy. The eldest daughter, Susan T., was a person of fine intellect, a conscientious student in whatever might interest her, and ambitious to excel in all that pertained to mental research. She became interested in education, especially in the methods of Froebel, and has published valuable treatises on the subject. If she had been a man she would have achieved renown in whatever pursuit she might have engaged.

Toward the close of summer our headquarters were removed to Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and we proceeded by steamboat to Omaha, where we procured transportation to Kearney. My life at Kearney was a very busy one. I was Quartermaster, Commissary, Police Officer, attended company drills and taught the

bayonet exercise to the non-commissioned officers of the Post. I do not remember ever to have been so constantly driven in my work. During this winter there was great excitement consequent on the election of Mr. Lincoln. There was no newspaper published at the Post, but we had a telegraph station and the officers subscribed for the dispatches, which were received daily and read to the officers assembled in the commanding officer's office. The reading sometimes gave rise to disputes among the officers, some being from the North and some from the South. These disputes did not lead to any bitterness or enmities; we all felt that we were in the hands of fate and that everything portended a revolution of which no one could foresee the ending or consequences. It was an especially unhappy time for the northern officers, for they saw that everything was drifting to disunion and the Government doing nothing to assert its authority. Indeed, it seemed as if the President, Mr. Buchanan, did not appreciate that he had any authority, and chaos ruled where government jurisdiction was in question.

When Sumpter was fired on and 75,000 volunteers called out by President Lincoln, we received orders for the Second Infantry to go to Fort Leavenworth, where we remained for a short time, and from there proceeded to Jefferson Barracks. Our Colonel, Dixon S. Miles, was from Maryland, but was not infected with the doctrine of secession, and while many officers from the slave States were sending in their resignations he remained staunchly loyal and declared that he would "stand by the old flag as long as one star or one bar of the gridiron remained," which he did, ending his life in its defense at Harper's Ferry in 1862, as I have said.

In June we were ordered to join General Paterson's army near Chambersburg, Penn. This was just previous to the crossing of his army into Virginia at Williamstown. The command crossed, but no sooner had it crossed than we were ordered to Washington, D. C., where it was the intention to form a brigade or a division of Regulars. After a short service with my regiment in Washington I was detached for special duty and reported to Captain George Bell, Commissary at Alexandria, who had a large depot of supplies there, and who outfitted me with a train loaded with rations for McDowell's army, then on the

PRESLEY OLDHAM CRAIG

Lieut. of Artillery — Killed at Bull Run.

march toward Bull Run. I had thirty or more wagons which I conducted to the army and issued the contents to a portion of the army. There were other officers who were also engaged in charge of provision trains. The Chief Commissary of that army, in his report after the battle of Bull Run, says:

"Owing to the necessary number of wagons not being furnished in season, to uninstructed and many worthless teamsters and green teams, and to some of the roads being bad, only one of the trains—that in charge of 1st Lieut. J. P. Hawkins, 2nd Infantry, A. C. S.,—was able to overtake the army on the morning of the 18th. It, with ninety head of beef cattle, by travelling all the previous night, arrived at Fairfax Court House on the morning stated, before the army had taken up its march."

The importance of the arrival of this train is evident from the fact that Orders No. 10, issued by General McDowell at Fairfax Court House, July 18, after directing the movements of the army, added: "The above movements will be made after supplies have been received." The stores in my train intended for Miles' and Hunter's Divisions were divided out to the entire army, enabling it to take up its line of mardh. But whether the early arrival of my train was of ultimate advantage is doubtful. My opinion of the troops when I reached them was that they were tired out and not fit for a fight. A longer waiting for complete rations would have given them rest, and better legs, and better heart for marching and maneuvering.

Having delivered my supplies, I returned to Alexandria and loaded up again in all haste, for the army was scantily supplied, and again conducted my train toward the scene of histilities. This was the day that the battle of Bull Run was fought, and early in my progress toward the field I met retreating soldiers. All belonged to organizations that, in their language, had been "cut to pieces." They seemed bent on saving themselves. I could not believe that we had been beaten badly, and kept my train en route, supposing that the main body of our army would remain and rest at Centerville. But the General in command—McDowell—thought it best to take his troops back to Washington, and about sun down I received orders to take the train back to Alexandria, which I did without accident, travelling the greater part of the night, and put it into park at Alexandria

and then retired to my tent, where I had a long sleep and was waked up in the afternoon by my wagon master, who informed me that the train with its supplies had been ordered to Washington, and had gone. I found out years afterwards that the order had been given by Quartermaster General Meigs, in order to save the train,—an unnecessary order. I was responsible for the stores in the train, and accounted for them by a sworn statement, giving the facts. The Quartermaster General had no right to give such an order, but all was confusion then, and perhaps everybody felt like doing something. There was really no head, no one to look up to for efficient work. Bull Run was one of that kind of battles where both sides were about equally punished, and the side that remained on the field could claim the victory because the other side first put into execution the idea of retiring from the contest. It was a well-planned battle as arranged for by the Chief Engineer Barnard, but badly fought by the General in command—McDowell.

I remained detached from my regiment for a considerable period, on duty in the defences of Washington, looking after the organization of the Quartermaster's Department, especially in the matter of transportation. During this time I was offered the position of Captain in the Quartermaster's Department, but declined, and shortly after this was appointed Captain in the Subsistence Department. This severed my connection with the Second Infantry, and the commanding officer of the regiment, Colonel Hannibal Day, gave me a pleasant send-off in the shape of an order complimentary of my services in the regiment, as follows:

"Headquarters 2nd Infantry.

"Washington, D. C., Aug. 10th, 1861.

"General Order No. 18.

"The resignation of Lieut. Jno. P. Hawkins, R. Q. M. 2nd Infantry, is hereby accepted, to take effect from this date. The Lieut. Colonel commanding the regiment takes this occasion to acknowledge his high appreciation of the merits and services of Lieut. Hawkins, and to express his regret that the regiment is to lose one whose promptitude and exactness in the execution of his duties entitle him to its gratitude and respect, but at the

same time congratulates him upon his appointment as Captain in the Commissary Department, and has no doubt that he will carry into that position the same zeal and efficiency that he has manifested during his entire connection with the Second Infantry. By order of Colonel Day,

"JAMES McMILLAN, Adjutant."

Soon after receiving my appointment in the Subsistence Department I was ordered to report at Saint Louis to General Fremont, commanding the Department of the Missouri, and was assigned to duty as assistant to Major Haines, who was the Chief Commissary of the Department and also Purchasing Officer, having a large depot in Saint Louis for the supply of the many troops of that command. When General Halleck succeeded to the command I was appointed an Inspector in the Department, my duty being to travel around to the posts and camps and investigate the methods of administration at the various stations. I had much to do in the way of advising and correcting, for most of the officers were without experience, though I found all were zealous in the performance of duty and wanted to do what was right. I made many pleasant acquaintances among them, and on a recurrent visit I often found that the officer had a memorandum of questions relative to duty, made from day to day, awaiting my return.

One of the places visited by me was Paducah, Ky., commanded by General C. F. Smith, where I found everything in excellent condition, and on my return to Saint Louis I made a written report to General Halleck, and in concluding it said that though it was not strictly in my line of duty to make note of other than subsistence affairs, yet I could not refrain from mentioning the general air of efficiency that characterized military matters at Paducah, and that it was the best conditioned Post that I anywhere visited. General Smith at this time was encountering opposition from some of his subordinates, led by an officer of rank second in command who wanted to oust him so that he might succeed him. Smith was accused of bad habits and general misconduct in his administration, and the malcontents, through newspaper correspondents and otherwise, had beseiged the War Department for his removal. Just at this time my report was made to Halleck, and he sent a copy of it to the

War Department. Long afterwards I was informed by an officer of the Adjutant General's Department in Washington that my report saved General Smith,—that his accusers were informed that a General whose administration was reported by a discreet officer as the best in the Department could not be displaced by irresponsible clamor, and so General Smith lived down the accusation against him, and the capture of Fort Donelson was largely due to the gallant manner in which he led his troops to the assault and capture of the main key of the enemy's defense.

Cairo was another Post that I visited, and where I first met General Grant, then commanding a District, and formed a most agreeable acquaintance with him and his staff. Grant had the faculty of making his command run along smoothly, but as yet had not met the opportunity to show the metal he was made of. About this time I met Fred Steele, who had been made a Brigadier General and was in command of troops at Pilot Knob. Steele had been a life-long friend of Grant, and speaking of him to me said: "Grant is a heap bigger man than the people conceive him to be, and he will show it if he has a chance."

I spend the winter of 1862 at Saint Louis when not travelling on inspections, and lived at the Planters House. Captain Phil H. Sheridan was also at the Planters, and I saw a great deal of him. He was then secretary of a Board that was investigating and auditing the contracts and expenditures of General Fremont, which were thought to be extravagant. Sheridan was not then optimistic as to the outcome of the war, and was doubtful of our success. Once in expressing to me his doubts he said that history had no example of the quelling of an insurrection supported as was the Southern Confederacy by a whole people in arms. Perhaps he was correct in his appeal to history. Sheridan was a Roman Catholic, and about this time I was approached by a Saint Louis gentleman, a Roman Catholic, who wanted that Sheridan should raise a Catholic Irish Regiment in Saint Louis —Sheridan as Colonel, he as Lieut. Colonel of the regiment. He wanted me to speak to Sheridan about it, which I did, but Sheridan at once said that he would have nothing to do with raising a regiment under religious or racial influences. I hardly expected any other answer, and informed the gentleman, who said he regretted the refusal because there was a good opening for

such a regiment and that so far the Catholic Irish had been backward in volunteering; that the Dutch had taken the front place and the Irish had stepped aside. Sheridan was a man of good judgment and gentlemanly sensibilities, and naturally declined an exclusively racial or religious association that would in a way be peculiar and give him a prominence out of accord with his mode of thought and life-long educational and social relations.

Early in February General Grant's army captured Forts Henry and Donelson, and soon thereafter I made an inspection at Donelson. Returning to Saint Louis I found that there was an uneasy feeling at Halleck's headquarters about Grant and the condition of his army, reports having reached there that Grant and his staff were indulging in excessive drink and that the army was in a state of demoralization. There was inclination to believe these reports, because no report of the battles had reached headquarters, though frequently called for. Grant had made reports, but they were held back by the telegraph operator, who afterwards proved to be a rebel spy. I was closely questioned as to the condition of things and stated that, so far as I could see, everything was going on right and Grant's army doing well. Halleck was greatly incensed against Grant for not sending reports, and had reported him to Washington and had been authorized to put him under arrest. Halleck did not proceed so far, but relieved him from the command and assigned General C. F. Smith to it. In fact, Halleck was so unjust as to refrain from giving Grant any credit for the captures he had made, and he stated in my presence that the credit was due C. F. Smith and Colonel MacPherson, Chief Engineer. Halleck showed his unjust bias in this statement. It was mere guess work, no reports having yet been received.

Soon after this interview at headquarters I returned to Grant's command, or rather to his headquarters, for C. F. Smith had relieved him. His headquarters were on a steamboat at Pittsburg Landing, and Grant had a private interview with me in his state room, and I told him of the state of feeling at Halleck's headquarters, and all that I had heard there. As I made my statement the tears rolled down his cheeks, but he said very little, though sorely hurt and astounded at his treatment. Gen-

eral Grant was restored to his command on the 13th of March. On the 15th of March the following order was issued:

"Headquarters Dist. of West Tennessee.

"General Orders No. 21.

"Captain J. P. Hawkins, Inspecting Commissary of the Department of the Missouri, having been ordered to report to these headquarters for duty, is hereby assigned in the same capacity for this district. He will also have general superintendence over the Quartermaster's Department for the entire Military District, and as such will be obeyed and respected by all commanders, assistant and regimental Quartermasters, Commissaries and acting Commissaries of Subsistence.

(Signed) JOHN A. RAWLINS,

"Ass't Adjt. General."

The above order virtually made me Chief Commissary of General Grant's army, and as such I organized its commissariat and arranged for its supplies.

On March 17 headquarters were established at Savannah, about nine miles below Pittsburg Landing. Here we remained till the battle at the Landing, April 6, where we often went on the steamers. We were then expecting the arrival of General Buell with his army, and on the evening of April 5 word was given out to the staff officers to be ready at seven o'clock next morning to ride out from Savannah to meet General Buell. This was a matter of courtesy to him.

Next morning I was a little late to breakfast and found that Grant, Rawlins, Hillyer and perhaps some others of the staff, had preceded me. Hillyer finished his breakfast and went out on the porch. He soon returned and whispered something to Rawlins, who immediately got up and went out, closing the door behind him; but almost immediately he re-opened the door and called out, "General Grant, General Grant! Please come out here!" His tone was so alarming that we all arose from the table and hastened out, where we heard the continuous reports of cannon up the river and realized that a battle was on. Our horses were ready in front of the house, but, instead of mounting them to go out to meet Buell, we led them down to the steamboat just below the house. The steamer's fires were always banked

for an emergency, and we were soon on our way to Pittsburg Landing, where we arrived in due course, and mounting our horses rode out to the field where the battle was raging. I was by Grant's side on this ride into the hail of bullets, and with him that day and the next day, except when carrying orders, and during all the time he seemed as cool and collected as he could have been if sitting at his desk writing an order. At one time during the battle General Grant directed me to learn about a body of troops that seemed to be resting not far from our front and left. I rode toward them and within hailing distance called out, "Whose command are you?" and was answered, "General Jackson's." I answered, "All right," but I knew it was not all right, and proceeded on, making an angle away from them. They looked after me doubtfully. I knew we had no "General Jackson" command. I had no uniform on nor any insignia of rank, and they evidently decided I was one of their command.

About four o'clock p. m. General Grant sent me by the steamer to Savannah to hurry up some artillery batteries, which, being accomplished, I called for a few moments on General C. F. Smith, who was sick and confined to his room. He had received reports of disaster to our side, and I relieved his mind greatly by telling him that all was going on well at our front. Returning to Pittsburg Landing some time after dark, I reported to Grant, who, with MacPherson and other of the staff, had bivouacked just outside a log house, and to my inquiry as to how things were he said that all was well, that the enemy would be attacked at daylight and be "put on the jump from the beginning," and this was the case. Grant had a wonderful faculty for diagnosing conditions—a faculty for appreciating the condition of the enemy, and for knowing the amount of destructive force in his own hands.

The next morning I went with Grant on to the field. I think the first troops we visited were those of Buell, who were engaged with the enemy. Buell and Grant had a short conference, then Buell rode to the front and he and his Adjutant General, Colonel Fry, disappeared from view in the smoke of the conflict. Soon after this in a part of the field near by we were observed by a rebel battery, and it opened on us with grape shot. We were within short range, and got out of there as quickly as our horses

could take us. In the hurry my hat fell off. Dr. Hewitt, our Medical Director, was of the party, and his orderly jumped off his horse, recovered it and presented it to me. I was greatly obligated to him for the risk he had taken, and felt like King David did when the water was brought him in the cave by the three mighty men in jeopardy of their lives; but I did not decline the hat as David did the water. In this adventure MacPherson's horse was killed and a shot broke Grant's sword in two. The remainder of the day was passed along the line of our advancing troops, with no special personal incidents to me. Before the close of the day the rebel army was in full retreat, leaving their dead on the field.

About a week after this battle General Halleck came with his full staff and established his headquarters near the Landing. With him was Captain Phil Sheridan, acting as Quartermaster for headquarters. The roads about the Landing were in a wretched condition, and I remember him as engaged at work on them with a large party of soldiers. Halleck rearranged the command and set the army en route toward Corinth, where the enemy had assembled in force. The procedure was to make a short advance daily when practicable and fortify each position. It was a very slow work; perhaps a good schooling for the troops, but done at great loss of time when we ought to have been engaged in profitable fighting. Our force was large enough to have driven the enemy at once out of Corinth and made large captures of war munitions. As it was the enemy made disposition for leisurely evacuation, carrying away all his supplies. Halleck has been much blamed for his slow advance on Corinth.

Soon after the Battle of Shiloh and after the capture of Island No. 10 by General Pope, the latter brought his army up the Tennessee River to reinforce Halleck, and went into camp with it near Hamburg, a short distance above Pittsburg Landing. With his command was Gordon Granger, Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, whom I called on a few days after his arrival. He informed me that he was advised of his appointment as Brigadier General, that his commission had not yet arrived, but would soon be received; that he would then vacate his commission as Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry, and it was in his hands to name his successor to Governor Blair; that he

wanted me to take his place as Colonel of the regiment. But I gave no thought to accepting it, told Granger that I had never had any experience in the mounted service, had no inclination for it, but knew a person who was well qualified for it, naming Phil Sheridan, who had very successfully commanded mounted infantry in Oregon in war against the Indians, and for success and gallantry in that war had been personally praised by General Scott in a General Order. I also told him of Sheridan's unimportant duties at Halleck's headquarters, that aside from these duties he employed much of his time in the trenches at the front seeing all he could of the advance and of the enemy, and that he probably knew more of what was going on in front than Halleck or any other person, for he had an eye to see and a topographical talent to remember and correlate his observations,—and so Granger recommended Sheridan as his successor. He was appointed to the colonelcy and soon after was appointed a Brigadier General for his enterprise and gallantry, especially in a successful engagement with the forces of General Chalmers. Some might say that this was the commencement of his distinguished and meritorious career, but such an understanding would be erroneous, for its commencement was in his native qualities of energy and bravery, assisted and developed by his education at West Point, where as a cadet he was always correct, observing and intelligent, and in his early army life as a Lieutenant he performed his duties with his whole heart, interested in them, and so his course from the beginning was onward and upward, and no special circumstance or opportunity was the impellent factor toward the ultimate attainment of his splendid record as a soldier.

After the close of the war I was Sheridan's guest for a few days at New Orleans. He was then assembling a large army on the Mexican border, and wanted me to take command of an Army Corps on the Rio Grand; but I was just recovering from a severe sickness, was weak and tired, my only thought was to get up North and recuperate, and so told him that I could not undertake it. So this was the second time during the war that I felt compelled to decline an important command. One day during my stay with him he said to me, "You ought to have taken the Second Michigan," to which I answered that I had

no regret about it, only satisfaction, for I could not have done for the regiment nor for myself what he had done.

After the capture of Corinth I remained there attending to the duties of Chief Commissary for the Army. In November, 1862, I was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel, and attached to General Grant's army, thus giving up my appointment as Inspecting Commissary. Our headquarters were at Lagrange, Tenn., and we were preparing for a move farther South. While at Lagrange the large influx of "contrabands" and the difficulties attending their care became quite burdensome to General Grant, and one day he asked me if I knew any one that he could appoint to take charge of them and relieve him of their immediate care. I said I thought I knew a very fit person for the work, Chaplain John Eaton, of the 27th Ohio. I had been on duty with the 27th Ohio in Missouri and after that in Tennessee, and knew Eaton to be intelligent and a hard worker, always busy for the betterment of the men of his regiment. Grant at once turned to Rawlins and told him to issue an order appointing Eaton to take charge of the refugee negroes, and to report at once for duty. Eaton was a much astonished man when he received the order, but he entered upon his duties with understanding and zeal, and his work in time grew to be an important branch of Army administration, wherein he gained great credit, and after the close of the war he was appointed by Grant Commissioner of Education, and held that position worthily for some years. When he was appointed to care for the freedmen he was almost overwhelmed, and hardly thanked me for the promotion; but in after years he was more appreciative of the benefit to him. When we acquired the Island of Porto Rico General Eaton felt a great interest in the education of the people there. I gave him a letter of introduction to General Guy Henry, commanding the Island, and he went there to see what assistance he could give in organizing some school system. General Henry gave him such encouragement as he could, but I do not know the subsequent results of his mission.

From Lagrange we proceeded down to Holly Springs, Miss., where I accumulated a large amount of subsistence stores for use on our advance. At this time I made the draft of an Order which General Grant published, organizing foraging parties, a

party under command of a Commissioned officer to be detailed from each Division, whose duty was to collect provisions from the surrounding country while the army was en route, and turn over such supplies to the Division Commissary for issue. This organization was the first of its kind with our army, based on a regular system. General Sherman had a similar organization, though his was a brigade organization. It was not long before we had great need of these forage parties, for the enemy captured Holly Springs when Grant's army moved down to Oxford, and burnt our supplies, obliging the army to depend on the country for such supplies as the forage parties could collect. There was plenty of corn in the country, and the mills were worked day and night to grind it, so there was no hardship to the troops by reason of our supplies being destroyed; rather the hardship fell on the communities that supplied the foraging parties. This experience opened Grant's eyes to the fact that Mississippi was a corn country, and he used this knowledge afterwards in determining to break away from his base of supplies and make his campaign in the rear of Vicksburg.

I was temporarily in Holly Springs when it was captured, having just returned from Oxford where Grant was. The command was unexpectedly attacked on the morning of December 20 by a considerable force of cavalry under Van Dorn. I was awakened by the firing, and risng at once and hastily dressing saw the conflict going on a little distance down the street. I went in an opposite direction, walking rapidly, and was soon met by a cavalry man who demanded, pistol pointed at me, who I was. I was in civilian's dress. I did not answer him directly, but kept moving on, saying I was trying to get away from the bullets. He let me pass, but I soon found there was no safe place for me, and returned to my domicile, which had been ransacked by the rebels who had left it bare. I lost my watch and overcoat, which had been left near my bed, but remained in the house the rest of the day undisturbed. The rebels were on a raid farther north and left Holly Springs as soon as they had burned the supplies and paroled their prisoners, some fifteen hundred in number. The loss of our supplies made necessary a retrograde movement, and our headquarters were moved back to Holly

Springs and thence by railroad to Memphis, where preparations were made for the capture of Vicksburg.

About the last of January our headquarters were established at Young's Point, Miss., nearly opposite Vicksburg. We lived on the steamboats, and many experiments were inaugurated by Grant for getting the army in the rear of Vicksburg. None of the experiments had a show of success and resort was finally had to making a detour around the front of Vicksburg, which ended finally in its capture.

On the 15th of April I was appointed a Brigadier General of Volunteers and assigned to organizing the colored troops within General Grant's command, and to the command of the same. This separated me from his staff as Chief Commissary and devolved on me a new duty of which I knew very little; but the officers selected for raising companies and regiments were as a rule a superior class of men and entered on their work with industrious zeal and efficiency. The clerical work attending positions then had to be done by them, the enlisted forces having few men that could read or write. This made their duties onerous, but perhaps after all was an advantage to them, for they had to study to equip themselves to perform all the clerical and other details connected with their commands. There was never better or harder work done in the army than was done by these painstaking gentlemen, and when, in the summer of 1865, my Division marched through New Orleans, General Sheridan remarked of them that it was the best command of colored troops he had ever seen, and that he had seen a good many of them.

Milliken's Bend was my headquarters. I had a complete staff made up of hard-working, intelligent young men, and military instruction to the colored recruits proceeded rapidly—and so far as drill was concerned they soon presented a very creditable appearance. After they had been under instruction for about three or four months there were no white troops that surpassed them in soldierly appearance. On one occasion a general officer, Wm. Sooy Smith, stopped over at the Bend just as one of the regiments near the steamer landing was going through the Manual of Arms at evening dress parade. He watched them attentively and when they had finished he remarked, "Well, that

is the best performance of the Manual of Arms that I have seen since leaving West Point."

I did not, however, remain long on duty at the Bend, for I had a severe attack of sickness in May and was sent up North on sick leave, where I remained till about the middle of August, and on the 17th rejoined my command. In the meantime General Walker had attacked it with a large force, which was repulsed after a severe fight. During my absence Ass't Secretary of War Dana, writing, June 22, to the Secretary of War from the rear of Vicksburg, says: "Allow me to represent the great necessity that some first rate officer with suitable energy and patient in character should be sent here, or found here, to take the place of General J. P. Hawkins and conduct the organization of the African forces. Hawkins is sick and very probably will not again be robust enough to efficiently resume his duties in this climate, and the public service is suffering terribly in this most delicate matter in consequence of his absence. I do not know here an officer who could do the duty half as well as he, so that I make no recommendation; but none but a man of the very highest qualities can succeed in the work."

Again, General Grant, writing to General Halleck from Vicksburg, July 24, 1863, says: "The absence of General Hawkins has been a great drawback to the perfect organization of the black troops. I have no one to fully take his place."

It may be proper to remark here that I attempted to return to my duties about the middle of June, but had a relapse at Saint Louis, and returned as soon as I had strength to do so and served in the malarious regions of the South during the remainder of the war, in a much impaired condition of health, which was not fully restored till several years after the close of the war. My command remained at the Bend till about February, 1864, when we were assigned to the garrison at Vicksburg, where we remained for a year, the principal duty being to man the fortifications.

Among the pleasant people I met there was Captain I. M. Wilson, of the Engineers, and his lovely wife, who lived just opposite my headquarters. It was my great pleasure once to do him a benefit in the way of his advancement in rank, and his transfer to a better location. General Canby was staying tem-

porarily at Vicksburg en route to New Orleans, where he had been assigned as Commander of the Military Division of the West Mississippi. He asked me if I knew of a suitable officer that he could have detailed as his Inspector. I told him that I knew an officer who could well fill the position, naming Captain Wilson. He was appointed to the position at once and gained enviable credit for the manner in which he performed the duties of Inspector for a large command. Mrs. Wilson accompanied him to New Orleans. She and Mrs. Canby, my sister, became warm friends—an affectionate friendship that lasted their entire lives. Captain Wilson afterwards became General Wilson, Chief of the Engineer Corps, and though now retired from active service so far as official routine is concerned, is still actively employed in many things that pertain to religious work and civic betterment. He lives a life of usefulness.

In February, 1865, my command was ordered to New Orleans to take part with the troops that were being assembled for the advance on Mobile. We remained in New Orleans only for a short time and embarked on steamers for Barancas, where we went into camp, remaining there till the 19th of March. There was good opportunity here for drill and instruction in siege work, making of fascines and approaches. The soil, being sandy, was easily worked, and the command became quite skilful in such work.

On the 19th of March my command was moved over to Pensacola, taking a wide ford northeast of Barancas. The crossing over this bay was a fine sight. I have always regretted not possessing a photograph of the event. The command marched by company fronts, the tide was low and the water reached about the middle of the men, a little more in places. Bayonets were fixed, haversacks and cartridge boxes were attached to the rifles and carried aloft to avoid wetting. The whole Division was in full view as it moved, flags flying, across the water. It was a grand sight, unequalled by anything of the kind I have ever seen or read of.

The 20th of the month—March—we commenced our march from Pensacola to Blakeley. The road was soft from the incessant rain, and large pioneer parties were detailed to corduroy and to lift the wagons out of the mud into which they often sank

up to the hubs. Our march was occasionally opposed by rebel cavalry, but our cavalry, about 2,500 strong, under General Lucas, was active in repulsing the enemy, and there was no delay in the daily progress of the troops by reason of the attacks of any opposing force. On the first of April, early in the morning, we reached Blakeley, a fortified outpost of Mobile, and with a large force of skirmishers in front the entire Division moved toward the fort, and in about three hours the enemy was driven inside their rifle pits and our line was established within one hundred and twenty yards distant from them. There, for eight days, ending in an assault, our forces lay before Blakeley, making approaches toward the main works. After the assault and capture and a short rest, my command was sent on steamers to Montgomery, Ala., for further campaign, but there was nothing more to be done in the way of fighting, for we soon heard of Lee's surrender, and thereafter was a cessation of hostilities.

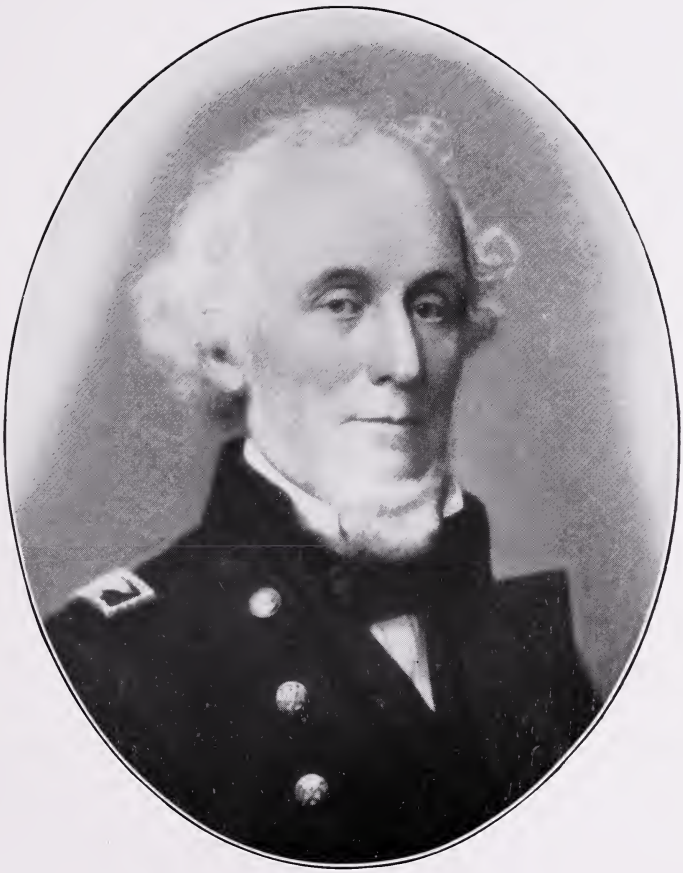
After a short stay at Montgomery my command was moved to New Orleans and went into camp there, but soon was ordered to Pineville, La., a small place opposite Alexandria, the site of a college of which General Sherman was president just before the breaking out of the war. A military district was formed, embracing western Louisiana and northwest Texas, which I commanded from July 20 to November 3. The duties performed by me during this period were in the way of preserving peace, assuring the liberty of the Freedmen, and affirming and maintaining the authority and jurisdiction of the United States in all concerns wherein they pertained. As one example of this may be mentioned the action taken by me soon after assuming command in prohibiting by a General Order the enactment of Parish Police Regulations which restricted the liberty of Freedmen, and prohibiting their arrest unless for positive offense against *law*.

Several years afterwards my attention was called to the report of the Ass't Commissioner of Freedmen concerning this Order, wherein he remarks: "This breaks down the last barrier to the enjoyment of liberty by the Freedmen in western Louisiana * * * and to Bvt. Major General J. P. Hawkins we are indebted for that which makes the colored man in reality a free man."

I copy the above after the lapse of many years, and I now

appreciate that though the order was beneficial, yet as a District Commander I was wrong in a military point of view to issue it. It was the sole prerogative of the Department Commander to initiate or determine administrative measures that concerned his command. My province was to execute them within my district. The question of permitting parish police regulations, aimed only at Freedmen to restrict their liberty of action, when presented to me for consideration should have been referred to the Department Commander at New Orleans, with whom I was in easy and frequent communication. During my command the State Court was in session at Alexandria, and resolutions were entered in the Court proceedings expressing satisfaction at the good conduct of the soldiers in their intercourse with the people.

Toward the Fall I was seized with dengue fever, which remained with me for some time. On my recovery I was very weak and not fit for duty, and procured a leave of absence and went North to recuperate, and soon after reaching the North I resigned my commission as Brigadier General of Volunteers and requested to be placed on subsistence duty as a Captain at some station in the North; but, instead of giving me a Northern station, I was ordered to Galveston, Texas, as Chief Commissary of that Department. I did not think this was fair treatment. I had, during the war, followed the march of the army from Saint Louis to New Orleans and beyond, exposed for several years to the malarious influences of camp and climates, and was greatly desirous of a change. But I made no protest and went to my new department without delay. I think there was probably some prejudice or feeling against me in the Commissary General's office at Washington, because, in 1863, I had given up service in my Department and gone into the Volunteers. There was quite a feeling in those days among officers of the General Staff that it was meritorious to be, as was said, "loyal to one's corps," to stick by it and stay in it. This I had not done and my service in the South out of my corps did not count for merit on the staff roster. As concerns "loyalty to one's corps" on the part of staff officers, there is no question that as a rule it should be adhered to. The organized staff of an army in time of war is indispensable to its well being and to its success, and our army, during the late Spanish War, suffered by reason of



GEN. H. K. CRAIG

the many staff officers leaving their proper duties and going into the line. This was especially the case with the Inspector General's Department. The officers of that corps should have been "loyal to their corps." It is a corps whose officers are never more needed than in time of war, when new troops are being organized and new encampments being formed.

It was early in 1866 that I took up my duties in Galveston, and I found the place very agreeable. The days were hot in summer, but the nights were pleasant; a delightful breeze would come to us about four o'clock p. m. and remain all night, which was so delicious that often I regretted going to bed, because in the unconsciousness of slumber I would be no longer aware of an exquisite existence, in such a contrast with what I would experience when on the hot morrow I had to take up the labors of the day.

I remained at Galveston till the Fall of 1866, when I found that the cumulative effect of living so long in the southern climate was permanently injuring my health, and I insisted as a right to be ordered North. My representations were at length favorably considered, and I was ordered on duty in the office of the Commissary General, then General Amos B. Eaton, a most meritorious officer of fine disposition and Christian character. My service with him was most agreeable; my duties were the auditing of property accounts, and were very pleasant. General and Mrs. Canby were then in Washington. They had formed a sort of club or association in one house with General and Mrs. Charles Thomas, and I was taken in as a member, which made my social life a pleasant one, for through them I became acquainted with many nice people, some of whom I might not otherwise have known. Among them was the Craig family, on whom I called with General Canby on New Year's Day, 1867. I little anticipated when making the call that my future wife was to be allotted me from that family. A single step often leads in an unexpected direction, involving unforeseen changes in one's life. Living in the same house with Mrs. Thomas, I became greatly attached to her, and she playfully adopted me as her grandson, and when I married she in like manner adopted my wife, and we remained affectionate friends for many years.

to the end of her life. We never had a better or a more lovable friend.

On the tenth of October, 1867, I was married to Jane B. Craig, daughter of General H. K. Craig, one time Chief of Ordnance, U. S. Army. Our marriage was quite a notable one, for both of us belonging to Army circles about all the Army officers in Washington were present, including Generals Grant and Sherman. Grant came in a little late and gave as explanation that Mrs. Grant had failed to bring in time his dress suit to his office. The ceremony took place at the residence of General Craig, 1812 I Street. The day was fine and everything gave promise of a happy event, which has continued to both of us through many years of companionship. My wife has an enviable ancestry on both sides of her house, her father being an officer in the War of 1812, a grandson of General John Neville of the Fourth Virginia Continental Line during the War of the Revolution; his father was Major Isaac Craig, who also had a good record during the Revolution. Succeeding generations have patriotically served their country, one son, Presley O. Craig of the Artillery, lost his life at the battle of Bull Run—a most lovely character cut off in the prime of his manhood and mourned by all who knew him. On the mother's side my wife belongs to the Faneuil family, Huguenots that came to America from Rochelle, France, soon after the Revolution of the Edict of Nantes. My wife now has in her possession the silver coffee pot that belonged to Peter Faneuil, who presented the Hall to Boston. Another family name is that of Bethune, well known in Boston and prominent in French and Scottish history, as witness Cardinal Bethune in Scotland and Maximilian de Bethune, Duke of Sully, Prime Minister of Henry Fourth.

I make mention of General Sherman being at my marriage—and not long after, having occasion to introduce me to someone, he added: "He has just married the handsomest woman in Washington." I had always thought so and quite agreed with him.

Early in the Spring of 1869 I was relieved from duty in Washington and assigned to duty at Cincinnati, Ohio, as purchasing commissary, where I remained till the Fall, when I was transferred to Detroit as Chief Commissary of the Department

MRS. MARIA B. CRAIG

of the Lakes. My duties were pleasant, and the society of Detroit most agreeable. Detroit has always been an Army Post from the earliest times, and Army families have been received by the people with kindness and hospitality. General John Pope was commander of the Department. He and his excellent wife were very friendly to us and did much toward making everything smooth in our pathway. While here, in December, 1869, my wife received a telegram announcing the death of her father in Washington. We at once hastened there and remained at the home for some ten days, and then returned to Detroit. After my return it occurred to me that, during my absence, I had almost neglected the frequent daily use of my pipe. Travelling on the cars my wife was in great distress by her bereavement, and I did not care to leave her alone while I might resort to the smoking car, and so I travelled without smoking. And while at the home in Washington it was not convenient for all concerned for me to smoke, so there were at least ten days that I had done very little smoking. In thinking about it after my return, there occurred to me the fact that the deprivation had not worried me any, and the thought came to me that perhaps it might be easy to refrain altogether from smoking, which I proceeded at once to do with perfect ease and success. In about five or six weeks I had a violent attack of dyspepsia and went to the doctor for a prescription, telling him that perhaps my trouble came from the abandonment of smoking after being habituated to it for twenty years. The doctor gave me a prescription and said that he had a brother who abandoned tobacco after many years' use, and bragged how easy it was; but at the end of a year the desire came back to him so strong that he could not resist it, and now he smoked more than ever, and that probably I would do the same. I did not wish to follow such an example, for I had, to say the least, found it convenient and in many ways agreeable not to smoke, and so thinking it over it seemed to me that it would be well if I resumed smoking in a very moderate way and thus habituate myself to an infrequent smoke. Then for about a year I made a practice of visiting every Sunday evening an old gentleman who roomed above me, taking my pipe with me and indulging in a smoke with him while he entertained me with some story or narrative. I enjoyed these evenings greatly,

but at the end of a year, when one, Sunday evening, listening to one of his stories, I began to feel sick, and suddenly rising told him my condition and that I would hear the balance of the story some other time, and went at once to my room below. My wife was in the parlor, but I was too sick to say a word and went on into the bed-room and laid down. She followed me and used camphor and cologne to revive me; she said I was as pale as a ghost, and in fact I never in my life felt more sick. This was my last attempt at a social smoke. I presume that the tobacco had gradually become eliminated from my system, and this last smoke was as the smoking by one who had never before smoked and the sickness followed as is usual with a beginner. Since that time I have been prevailed upon by friendly insistence to try a cigar specially praised for its superiority, but have never been able to find any good in it so far as concerns aroma or anything in the way of attraction. I am certainly a thoroughly reformed smoker, and I would commend my plan to any one who may wish to abandon a habit injurious to many people who practice it,—that is, the plan of gradual abstention when entire abstaining has proved too difficult.

While in Detroit, in April, 1873, I received a telegrom announcing the killing of General Canby by the Modoc Indians. My wife and I proceeded at once to Portland, Ore., where Mrs. Canby was, and brought her home with us. We had a residence for the summer in the country near Detroit, and she lived with us till notified by telegram from Indianapolis of the dangerous illness of our cousin, Sue McCarty Day, when she hastened to see her before her death, which occurred soon after.

In the Fall I received orders sending me to Omaha, Neb., as Chief Commissary of the Department of the Platte. This proved to be one of the best stations that has fallen to me during my service, and we made many agreeable acquaintances that have been lifelong friends. I was a member of Trinity Cathedral, and was honored by being chosen a vestryman, which gave me an association with some of the best men in Omaha. I noticed a peculiarity in our vestry meetings, that often a business question before us that brought on considerable discussion, apparently without hope of agreement, by some lapsus would be drifted away into some irrelevant matter, and on returning after a while

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to the main question it would be settled soon by easy, harmonious action. The line of opposition gave way before the influence of a new process of thought,—an argument in favor of cultivating many lines of thought, and not allowing the mind to dwell and settle on one routine of occupation or habit of thought.

When I first entered the Army it went very hard with me to separate from friends when the changes of the service involved the breaking of social ties; but after a while one learns by experience that one may reasonably hope that friendly ties now broken may be expected to be renewed, that the friends who now leave us for service elsewhere may be again restored by the revolving wheel of time, and so we learn to part, not without regret, certainly, but still with the feeling that we will be again brought together. I found at Omaha our old friends, General A. J. Perry and wife, whom we had known in Washington; also General George D. Ruggles and wife, acquaintances of long ago—and when Ruggles was relieved he was succeeded by General Robert Williams as Adjutant General. Mrs. Williams was an old friend of my wife—her first husband was Senator Stephen A. Douglas—my wife was her attendant at her marriage to Douglas and was the same at her marriage to General Williams. She tells that, at the commencement of the Douglas wedding, the priest, calling for the license, was informed that procuring the license had been neglected, and there was no license. The priest demurred performing the ceremony, but Douglas asked, "What is the fine?" The priest told him, and Douglas said, "Go ahead, I will pay the fine." He was not going to be delayed by a trifling money consideration.

I remained in Omaha till 1879, and was then transferred to New York City as Purchasing Commissary. This was the largest purchasing depot in the United States, and the duties kept me very busy. I found here my old friends, General and Mrs. Perry. He was Chief Quartermaster of the Department of the East, commanded by General W. S. Hancock, whom I first met in 1852 when he was the Adjutant of the 6th Infantry, the first regiment I served with. He was now deep in politics, nominated for President by the Democrats. While in command at New Orleans he issued a General Order, No. 40, which made it plain that he was not in accord with the principles of the reconstruc-

tion policy of the Government, enunciating certain theories of government that gained for him the approval and admiration of a large Democratic following. Jeremiah S. Black expressed the highest praise for its sound statesmanship. There was then on Hancock's staff General George L. Hartsuff, as his Adjutant General, a very able man, a good soldier and a good writer. When Hartsuff died some years after there was found among his papers the famous Order No. 40 in Hartsuff's writing, interlineations and all, so that it would be just to give him some of the credit for the Order. I have this story from General Frank Darr, who was one of Hartsuff's executors and had access to his papers. This may be regarded as a curiosity in American politics, and for that reason is here recorded. It is not an unusual thing for a writer in the course of a piece of writing to engage the services of a friend to help him out in a composition where he feels that his friend can present the case better than he can do it. A notable instance of this is a chapter in "The Virginians," by Thackeray. The latter had heard much of the peculiar grandeur of the American woods, and wished to have a description of them in his book, but, never having been in America to see them, he felt his lack of power to describe them. Washington Irving was then in England and Thackeray appealed to him to write a description of them, and the chapter describing the beauty and nobleness of an American forest stands—with those who know the real authorship—as a monument to Irving's power of grand description.

The latter part of September, 1881, all Federal offices were closed, commemorative of the obsequies of President Garfield, and taking advantage of this suspension of business I went, in company with my wife, to New Rochelle, a place on the Sound about sixteen miles from New York. It was originally settled by Hugenots, many of them from Rochelle, France. Our object in going there was to look up such records as we could find of the early Hugenots, and especially of the family of Faneuil, who originally came from old Rochelle. We made inquiries of such persons as we thought might be able to assist us in our search, and were finally informed that a certain person in New Rochelle had a ring with the name of Faneuil on the inside. We at once went to the designated person, who said that he had such a ring,

and searching a bureau drawer soon produced a gold ring, which he placed in the hands of my wife. It had many marks of age and hard usage, had been chased, but the chasing much worn down. She read on the inside, "A. Faneuil, obit Feby 13, 1737; aetat 66 arm" (Armiger). She at once recognized it as a family belonging, she having record of the fact (see Vol. 2, page 507, Sargent's "Dealings with the Dead") that Andrew Faneuil, an uncle of Peter Faneuil, died February 13, 1737, and that Peter, on the 8th of September, 1737, wrote to his correspondents in London to send him "the handsomest mourning rings," giving the inscriptions to be made. These rings were distributed to the different members of the family. One of these rings was till recently in the possession of Mrs. Blunt, wife of Colonel Charles E. Blunt, U. S. Army, inherited from her ancestor, Benjamin Faneuil—also Mrs. Hawkins' ancestor. Unfortunately, it was lost while Mrs. Blunt was at a hotel in Omaha, Neb. The ring now before my wife was doubtless the one sent by Peter to his brother, Jean, at that time living in New Rochelle, where Peter and his brothers and sisters were born. The owner of the ring told us that a great many years ago his grandfather was ploughing a field on the "Tom Paine" farm, near New Rochelle, and seeing something yellowish among the clods he picked it up and found it to be the gold ring. His grandfather accounted for its being there by saying that when he was a boy he and his father used to haul refuse from the Faneuil home and distribute it over that field. The ring evidently had been lost by someone of the family, and after lying hid in the ground for many years had at last come to light to be seen by a descendant of the family. The owner was asked the price for which he would sell it, and said, "Twenty-five dollars," a large price for him to get for it, but a small price for us to pay for it. I at once paid the money, and ever since my wife has worn it as a finger ring. I suppose if she were Japanese she would through it invoke the spirits of her Hugenot ancestors. I do not know if there now exists another of the mourning rings given out by Peter Faneuil. This custom of memorial rings to perpetuate the memory of the dead is a very beautiful one, and it is a pity that it has almost gone out of use. The only modern instance of the custom that I know of is that John Randolph, of Roanoke, in his last hours desig-

nated one or more pieces of gold coin to be made into mourning rings for certain persons.

It was my intention when receiving orders for transfer to New York to rent a house and be a housekeeper; but the houses offered for rent in respectable localities were so large and the rents so high that I determined to board, and we selected a boarding house which was recommended by a friend. When I went to the place to see about the rooms I was shown into a large parlor, magnificently furnished, with every evidence of costly appointments, and looking around me I thought if I was the owner of it all I would sell and live on the interest of the money and not keep a boarding house; but after living there a few days we found that there was little satisfaction in the table furnished us, that everything served was in a skimpy way. As an illustration of this, a friend at a neighboring table, having been helped to some dish by a passing waiter, ate it up at almost one mouthful, and hailing the waiter on his return called out, "Say, waiter, that sample was good; now please bring me some." We could not stand this very long and soon left, carrying with us the thought, "All is not gold that glitters."

We then moved to a hotel, where we had good rooms and were comfortable in every way. I remember a little incident at this hotel which I have often thought of. After we had been there for some time there was a change among the servants and a new maid assigned to care for our rooms. She made up the bed miserably the first day, and the morning after my wife intercepted her in the hall as we were going down to breakfast and asked her to delay fixing up our room till her return, and on her return my wife proceeded, with the maid's help, to make up the bed in a proper manner. After all was finished the woman, in a sad tone of voice, remarked, "Well, I don't see how it is that you people whose living does not depend upon your work can do it so much better than us whose living depends on it." The woman spoke a very true thing as to a fact that has almost an universal application—whether the work belongs to the care of a parlor or bed-room or the cooking in a kitchen, education in exact work is more prevalent among the well-to-do than among the toilers. The latter are usually habituated to throw off work in a hurry—"good enough" seems to be all they strive for, and not

"perfection." I once knew, down in Kentucky, a maker of split-bottom hickory chairs, who had more orders than he could fill, and would not employ any assistants in his business because he could not get men to do his work according to his standard. His work was perfect, the joints fitted accurately, and there was no sagging in any part of his chair. He could not supply the demand on him. Sometimes I have thought that his disappointed or would-be customers would have been glad to get a chair from him, even though it were made by a journeyman and a little lacking as to perfection; yet this world moves forward by having high standards in view for our attainment.

The purchasing duties at New York demanded all my time, and the daily examination of samples for making a purchase was trying on my health, especially in the testing of tea and coffee, in which I became quite an expert. My nerves of taste were in primitive condition, not having been injured by the habitual use of tobacco or sprits, so that in the examination of foods I found that my own judgment was often more acute and correct than that of the professional experts with whom I was sometimes associated. I remember on one occasion I was examining butter in tubs in the best cheese and butter store in New York. The salesman would insert his tryer in one tub after another in order to find one without taint, and of best aroma, and it was a long time before I would decide on the number of tubs I wanted; frequently the salesman, after smelling the tryer, would pass it to me as all right, and I would smell along it and call his attention to a place on the tryer that was not good. At last he exclaimed, "General, I would give a thousand dollars for your nose." Well, I suppose it would have been worth that, or even more, to him in the way of his business.

The sampling of tea and coffee was the hardest on my nerves. Sometimes I would have an array of twenty-five or thirty cups of tea drawn from the samples submitted for purchase, and it was my business to compare these samples and select the best. I could often eliminate the greater part of them by color. Then the few remaining cups would have to be compared by tasting, and sometimes it was a very difficult matter to decide as to merits of the infusions. I am informed that professional tea

tasters wreck their health after a few years. It is not a business that the system habituates itself to.

After a four-years' term of duty in New York I was ordered again to Omaha. This was very agreeable to me, for we had many old friends there to welcome us; beside that it was a more healthful station than New York, and the duties less confining. One of the great wonders of New York at that time was the new Brooklyn Bridge, but I never had time to see it, and the day I left New York I arose early in the morning and went to see it. This reminds me of Surgeon Norris, who was stationed in Washington for ten or more years and never had time to visit the Smithsonian Institution till the day of his departure. His time was demanded, morning, noon and night, by his devoted patients. Popularity is often its own reward to the possessor of it, and makes severe exactions.

I found some of my old Army friends on duty at Omaha, among them General Crook, commanding the Department; General Williams, the Adjutant General; Dr. Summers, Chief Medical Officer, and Colonel Ludington, Chief Quartermaster. They and their families made the Army society very delightful. There was also at Fort Omaha General John King and wife. The latter I had known as a young lady—Tilly Davenport—in Detroit, a great many years ago when there on recruiting service before the Civil War. I have met Mrs. King since then, the last time at a hotel, a summer resort near Boston. She had met with a severe accident, a fracture of the hip bone, which had rendered her permanently lame, but she bore her suffering with Christian patience and met her friends with the same sweet smile illuminating her face that had always characterized her as Tillie Davenport.

The duties at Omaha as Chief Commissary of the Department and as purchasing officer were not onerous. Having served there before, I knew pretty well the circumstances of each post, and keeping them in supplies was easy and I had plenty of time for perfecting a method of supply that assisted me in properly caring for the posts and rendered easy their administration. The difficulty in supplying good food to the Army is the fact that so many of the articles to be supplied are very perishable, and in consequence often a considerable amount is stale, or at least has lost desirable freshness. To avoid this I required the requisitions

from the posts to be made more frequently, and for shorter periods and for small amounts,—if very perishable, for only a month's supply. In this way I soon reduced the amounts carried at the posts to the minimum consistent with safety, and all the supplies were fresh. As an example of this kind of administration I will mention corn meal, which had been supplied on a six-months' requisition, and recognizing its nature to deteriorate I changed it to a monthly requisition. At the end of about six months I received a letter of complaint from a post commissary, that during the past six months the post had been out of corn meal many times and there was great demand for it. I answered the letter by telling him that I was endeavoring to keep pace with the corn meal consumption at his post, but had not succeeded; that I was trying to furnish enough, but not too much for current use; that looking over the records in the office of the consumption of corn meal at his post for the past year, I found that during the first six months (when a liberal supply had been furnished) the consumption was very small; that during the latter six months, five times as much was consumed, and that it was preferable to run short occasionally of an unimportant article than to supply it in large quantities at risk of staleness. I never more heard of further complaint. Perhaps by that time I had judged more accurately—having more complete data—the amount needed under the new conditions.

When I was stationed in New York I had as chief clerk, Thomas Tully, whom I found in the office in that capacity. He had been in the office for many years, dating back to the Civil War. He was a good man in every way and a faithful and efficient clerk. I brought him with me to Omaha as my chief clerk, and he afterwards was with me at Boston and San Francisco, and again in New York, and when he died a short time ago I felt that I had lost my best friend. He was a true gentleman in every thought and action.

The first time I was stationed in Omaha I had as chief clerk, my nephew, Horace Speed, a son of my sister, Margaret. He did good service in that capacty, but after he had been with me about three years I told him that I wished him to leave my service in about one year; that there was no promotion for a clerk in an Army office; that he might be with me for years and never

rise higher; that clerks in a civilian office had an opportunity for promotion, but not so in the Army; that he was young, of good education and good capacity, and that I wished him to think over the matter and be ready to adopt some business or profession that he might incline to. The result of our conversation was that he decided to study law. A friend of his, a young lawyer, gave him the privilege of his law library and directed him in his study, and in due course he was admitted to the bar and went to Indianapolis, Ind., for practice, where he entered the office of Harrison and Miller, and also the office of John Howland, Clerk of the U. S. District Court. In both these places he learned much of the routine of legal practice. He afterwards went to Oklahoma, where he has secured an excellent business and stands high as a lawyer and an honest man. I take some credit and feel much satisfaction for having started Horace Speed in his honorable career.

During my first term in Omaha I was a member of the vestry of Trinity Cathedral, and during this second term I was elected to the place of senior warden. I accepted the office with great reluctance, for I felt there were superior men in the vestry who could better perform the duties and who had a more permanent interest than myself in the future of the cathedral; but the circumstances attending my election were peculiar, and I had to accept the office and fill the position as best I could. Trinity Cathedral was also a parish church, and during my wardenship a new minister was elected. The order of institution into the Church requires a certain participation by the senior warden, and not being in the habit of appearing before the public in any sort of function, I felt great timidity in doing so, and tried to prevail on Judge Wakeley, junior warden, to relieve me of the performance; but he said no, that the rules required me to do it. It was a great trial to me for many reasons. I was present at a previous Institution in the Cathedral, and could not hear the warden in his part of the ceremony, and it came to me that it was certainly the right of the congregation to know that it had entrusted its keys to the new incumbent. When, therefore, it came my turn to present the keys. I declared the formula in quite a loud and ringing tone, somewhat after the manner of an Adjutant reading an order or proclamation in the presence of a

regiment in line. After the ceremony some complimented me for the style, saying that it was the most impressive part of the Institution. Well, I was glad when it was over.

I remained in Omaha till December 1, 1887, when, having been ordered to Boston as Purchasing Officer, I was relieved from duty. The following is an extract from the Order relieving me:

"The Department Commander parts from Major Hawkins as Chief Commissary with sincere regret. His careful attention to the quantity and quality of supplies, that all may be suitable, placed in suitable quantities when needed, and none lost by deterioration or waste; his ability and readiness to meet the emergencies of the service as they arise, and his able and faithful management of all the duties in his charge, have rendered his services most useful and beneficial in this Department. The Department Commander extends to Major Hawkins his best wishes for like success at his next station."

My term in Boston was very agreeable, and as my wife's family was from there, she had great interest in looking up the records and belongings of other days and was very successful in her searches into family history in what pertained to Bethune and Faneuil names. We had the gratification of renewing our intimacy with our old friends, Major and Mrs. W. S. Stanton, U. S. Army, whom we knew in Omaha during my first term of duty there. We also met for the first time Mr. Joseph A. Willard and his family. His wife belonged to the Faneuil family and they treated us with great kindness and hospitality. He was quite an old man, and had been Clerk of the Superior Court of Boston for a number of years,—an elective office, but he never had opposition in a new election. Mr. Willard drove a pair of fast horses, and I often rode with him, and through his courtesy I was made to travel pretty much all over and through the many delightful suburbs of Boston. He was a well-read man and knew the histories and traditions of all the places we visited. Returning from these rides I felt that I had been on a travel to new fields of interest and instruction. We were once invited to dine at Mr. Willard's, to meet Miss Frances Willard, the President of the W. C. T. U. She was a very agreeable person. This was when Cleveland was running for President. Miss Willard

declared herself as for him, said that she was or had always heretofore been a Republican, but now she was using all her influence as President of the W. C. T. U. in his favor, because the Republican party did not act according to its convictions in neglecting to put a temperance plank in its party platform, and that it needed punishment for the neglect. I thought it poor policy and wrong in principle, biting the nose to spite the face, and we had some words about it. A person with one hobby is not always wise.

While stationed in Boston the Honorable Artillery Company of London was the guest, by invitation, of The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. The Company, among other distinguished attentions, was honored with a banquet in Faneuil Hall. I was invited to be present and to respond to the toast, "The Army and Navy of the United States." My speech was as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, and of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, and Honorable Guests:

"It is a grand and a beautiful occasion when we as brethren sit down together around the festive board in peace and unity and in fraternal friendship, and it may be hoped and fully expected that the memories of this day will always be present with us into a far future and help our peoples in many reciprocations of kindly feeling, and aid in an increasing growth of generous acts and sympathies.

"As an officer of the United States Army, invited to assist in this good fellowship, I think I am speaking the sentiment of the Army in saying that the ways of peace are to us the ways of pleasantness. Certainly this is so for those of us who served through the years of struggle, when clouds were dark around and above us, and brother was arrayed against brother in sorrowful conflict, and when peace came none rejoiced more than the soldier veterans; peace had been the goal for which they had toiled in battle and bivouac, and for which they had so often marched through the valley and shadow of death.

"And now to our peaceful and gentle guests from Old England, our Fatherland, we say Welcome! thrice Welcome! to this their kindred land, and to our people's hospitality, and may our

meetings in future times be as now, with outstretched hands and kindly greetings. And speaking as we do, a language common to us all, may we never find in its vocabulary any words of harsh or jarring sound, but only those that may convey to each other as a people the sentiments of love and charity, and such as may show forth to the world our appreciation and practice of the mutual duties and obligations demanded by a common Christianity."

I do not quote the above as a sample of oratory or originality of sentiment, but as an indication of my regard for the English people, a people at one with us in their form of constitutional government, and in their devotion to personal and political liberty, the progress of humanity, and everything that pertains to the betterment of mankind. I was brought up in Indiana, then the Far West, and stories of British soldiers' barbarisms in association with their Indian allies, during the War of 1812, was the talk around every fireside, and a red coat Britisher was considered the superlative embodiment of cruel savagery. And so the young were surrounded with an atmosphere of hate toward England and things English. But it is a satisfaction now to know that these feelings have passed away with the mass of our people, and a more kindly and brotherly feeling prevails. There is nothing enobling in hatred, and it only hurts the one who indulges in it. The scars of war are always healed in a generation or two after those who have participated in it, or were cognizant of its hardships and many miseries have passed away. New interests and new obligations of life favor forgetfulness of past unpleasant events, and they are banished from association with the daily claims of the present. Every age or period has its own burdens, and naturally does not willingly carry the burdens originated or imposed by a previous generation. The motto of the ages is well expressed by Longfellow:

"Let the dead past bury its dead.
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

Also Whittier:

> "For still the new transcends the old
> In signs and tokens manifold.
> * * * the olive waves
> With roots deep set in battle graves."

In the autumn of 1888 I received orders for change of station to San Francisco, which was an agreeable change, involving larger and more important duties. We found many old Army friends at San Francisco, and made many new Army acquaintances. The administraton of the Commissariat embraced all our country on the Pacific coast, but the business matters were similar to those I had charge of in my previous experiences elsewhere, so that the duties came easy and I had no pressure in my office work and much leisure for the perfecting of a system of commissary records that I had been using for several years, a system that enabled me with little trouble to have an accurate current knowledge of the condition and amount of supplies at each post.

The commander of the Military Division was Major General Nelson A. Miles, a distinguished soldier of the Civil War, whose services, in whatever rank or position he has held, have been creditable to him and honorable and useful to the country.

California has many climates, and I think that of San Francisco the least desirable; seldom cold enough to require a fire in one's room, yet a chilliness in the air is usual; mornings are the best part of the day, in the afternoon a chill wind from the Pacific sweeps the streets, bringing fog and discomfort with dust that chokes. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks on San Francisco as a residence, its business location is such that it must always remain the great city of the Pacific, even though it be constantly subjected to the apprehension of destruction by earthquake.

During our stay in San Francisco we lived first at the Pleasanton Hotel, a very large family house with good rooms and a fair table. We liked it very much until the proprietor introduced weekly balls that were kept up till a late hour at night. The music and the racket kept us awake, so we sought quarters else-

where, and found a most excellent place in a family hotel kept by Mrs. Levy. The house was newly built and nicely furnished, and just ready for occupancy. When we told some of our friends where we were going, they exclaimed, "Why, that is a Hebrew house!" I replied that I had no objection to Hebrews, that they had always treated me well, and that there was much in them I liked. so we went to the new place, and within a month had the satisfaction of welcoming there the General commanding the Department, General Gibbon; the Medical Director, Dr. Sternberg; also the Admiral commanding the Pacific fleet, Admiral George Brown,—all with their families. When the Admiral came Mrs. Levy went down into the city and bought a large flag, saying that now she was the "headquarters of everything." The flag was hoisted over the building every day and she was a very proud woman for the assemblage of so much rank beneath her roof. It was certainly an unusual thing, and it made Mrs. Levy's house celebrated in San Francisco.

Early in 1892 I was ordered to Governor's Island, New York, as Chief Commissary of the Division of the Atlantic. My life there was uneventful, the duties being of a routine character. The Commissary General was to be retired in December, and I was anxious to be appointed to succeed him. I was ranked by one officer, Colonel M. R. Morgan, who had been in the Army one year less than myself and who by an accident of the service had got ahead of me, and I thought it was no injustice to him to obtain the appointment, especially as he did not retire till after me, and would naturally succeed me. For this purpose I went on to Washington just before the vacancy was to occur, saw the President, the Secretary of War and others, and represented my case, and then returned to my post. Having received no promises from any in authority, I hardly thought I would succeed, but a few days after my return my friends in Washington showered me with telegrams announcing that the President had appointed me, and I at once packed up my belongings and went to Washington and entered on my new duties as Commissary General of the Army. When my name was sent to the Senate for confirmation, the unusual honor was accorded me of confirmation without reference.

I had considered for many years the prospect of my being

Commissary General, and had thought over certain changes that I would like to see made for the benefit of the service, and as soon as I was fairly installed into the routine of the office I proceeded to effect them. One was the abolishment of the ponderous "Commissary Book" kept at every post as a book of record, and the substitution therefor of a small book that could be held in one hand, with the figures so arranged that they expressed at a glance the amounts of stores on hand and the rate of consumption at the post for any number of previous months. I had used the system in the Military Departments and knew it would work well and easily. The change was welcomed throughout the Army, as it enabled the Post Commissaries to make their estimates for stores more easily and with more exactness, so that when I retired in September, 1894, I do not believe there was an average of two months' supply on hand at the military posts,—the stores were the freshest possible, and condemnation of spoiled stores was reduced to the smallest possible percentage.

Another change introduced by me was reducing the number of Abstracts of Issues in use down to a single Abstract. It had been the practice from the early organization of the Subsistence Department to use a separate Abstract for entering the issues made to each variety of organization. For instance, an "Abstract to Regulars," an "Abstract to Volunteers," an "Abstract to Indians," an "Abstract to Citizens," etc., etc. By the new method all were included in one paper. And further, the certificate on an Abstract embraced a recapitulation in writing of the totals noted above in figures, a relic of the times when contractors made issues on ration returns and were paid according to the totals as shown by the Abstract, which was authority for the payment. Repeating the figures in writing was a guard against the contractor manipulating the figures. This long recapitulation was abolished and a short certificate substituted. These changes saved paper, lessened writing, and diminished bulk in the returns.

When I joined my Regiment in 1852, it was a common thing to see in the newspapers, advertisements for subsistence supplies, signed by the Commissary General of Subsistence. This was a relic of early days, and was the practice up to the commencement of the Civil War, when the business of procuring supplies be-

came so large that it had to be entrusted to Subsistence Officers on duty in various parts of the country. The Department thus became less centralized, supplies were purchased and sent direct to the armies without the intervention of the Commissary General, and to the great advantage of businesslike administration. But at the close of the war the Commissary General recovered his grip on the routine of his Department, and, as during the war, decentralization was favored, so that when peace came the extreme of centralization was the rule, and pretty much every question of supply had to be referred to Washington to be passed on there for approval or disapproval. My experience in several Departments as Chief Commissary had convinced me that the system of centralization was very faulty, and, soon after taking charge of the office, I carried out plans for as complete decentralization as was practicable, whereby Chief Commissaries of Departments were given greater control over supplies, at the same time so arranging that proper supervision remained in the hands of the Commissary General, to correct mistakes that might be committed, and this supervision was made more accurate and intelligent than ever before. The new system worked admirably. The posts were more promptly supplied with stores, and subordinates were not under a constant heckling process from Washington in matters of small detail, and took pride in their duties. As a rule those in power wish to centralize and grasp everything in reach, and I regard this act of decentralization, whereby I relinquished authority, as the best act of my official life.

Associated with me in the office was Colonel Michael R. Morgan, who gave me his able assistance in the performance of my duties. Under the circumstances of my going into the office he might have declined to do duty under me and applied for a transfer to another station. I asked him to remain with me, and we talked the matter over. As a matter of course he felt sore on account of my promotion over him, but I felt sure that he would be my successor when I retired, and I wished his approval, assistance and co-operation in the reforms I had in mind, and I take this opportunity to express my appreciation of his able assistance, pleasant companionship and Christian-like conduct toward me during my term of office wherein he succeeded me. He has contributed some valuable writings to the public on his

early life in the army, and his experiences in the Army of the Potomac while on the staff of General Grant as Chief Commissary. I have not known a better man anywhere than Michael R. Morgan. In his turn he was retired at 64 years of age, and died at St. Paul, Minn., in September, 1911.

On September 29, 1894, by operation of law, I was placed on the retired list. The Secretary of War issued an Order very complimentary to me, of which the following is an extract:

"General Hawkins was graduated at the Military Academy in 1852, and served upon the Indian frontier from that time till the outbreak of the late war. For a short period in 1861 he was with General Patterson's army in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and immediately thereafter with General McDowell's army in the first Bull Run campaign, and while with it received commendation for distinguished service. Transferred to the West, he served with the local rank of lieutenant colonel, as Chief Commissary of Subsistence, first of the 13th Corps, and later of the army commanded by General Grant, on the staff of that general in both capacities, and was engaged in the battle of Shiloh and in the early operations at Vicksburg. Appointed brigadier general in 1863, he succeeded to the command of a division the following year. He was engaged in the campaign of Mobile and also in the storming of Blakely, in which the troops under his command bore a conspicuous and gallant part. He received the brevets of major for gallant and meritorious services during the siege of Mobile, Ala., and of lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier general, major general, and also major general of volunteers, for gallant and meritorious services during the rebellion. After long service, which carried him to every portion of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the British boundary to the frontier of Mexico, he became Commissary General of Subsistence with the rank of brigadier general in December, 1892.

"Correct in all the relations of life, dignified and modest in deportment, of sterling character, an able officer and gallant soldier, the honors which have come to him in his profession have been worthily bestowed."

Having retired, and being footloose, I was not long in deciding that the best use I could make of the immediate time was to go

RESIDENCE OF GEN. JOHN P. HAWKINS

West and South to look up certain family relatives, and in doing this went to Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, New Orleans, and Florida, returning to Washington along the Atlantic coast. On this return I stopped for a few days at Raleigh, N. C., to look up some distant relatives, those of the Hawkins family who had emigrated there from Virginia in 1735, and had consequently been separated from my branch for more than one hundred and fifty years. This renewal of family ties was of great interest and pleasure to me, for I was welcomed as a relative and treated with great kindness and hospitality by the many members of the family I found there.

Returning to Washington, my wife and I decided to make a trip to Europe, and we sailed in June, 1895, made a partial tour of Europe, visiting England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy and Germany, returning to the United States in October, 1896. We enjoyed England most, which, I believe, is the case with most Americans, especially those of English descent. This is natural, for we read English history and feel an interest in many historical characters and events wherein our ancestors were active participants. On one occasion, applying at a book shop for a certain book of local history and engaging in conversation with the bookman, he expressed his wonder as to why Americans habitually showed so much knowledge in things English, and that on an average we know more and were more interested in English matters than the English themselves. I explained to him that the English of history were our ancestors, and we had a partnership in the incidents and localities that they had made famous.

Returning to the United States we re-commenced housekeeping in Washington, where we remained till 1899, and then decided that the best place for our permanent residence would be at Indianapolis, where I was born and where I had many relatives and old family friends. And now at last we are settled down there, having built us a comfortable home, where we are surrounded by good neighbors and blessed with much to make life agreeable.

The following is an abridgement of my Etat de Service:

Cadet Military Academy, July 1, 1848.

Brevet 2nd Lieut. 6th Infantry, July 1, 1852.

Second Lieut. 2nd Infantry, June 23, 1854.

First Lieut., October 12, 1857.

Regimental Quartermaster 2nd Infantry, October 1, 1858, to August 10, 1861.

Brigadier General Volunteers, April 13, 1863.

Captain Commissary of Subsistence, August 3, 1861.

Lieut. Colonel Commissary of Subsistence, November 1, 1862.

Honorably Mustered out Volunteer Service, February 1, 1866.

Major Commissary of Subsistence, June 23, 1874.

Lieut. Colonel Ass't Commissary General, September 3, 1889.

Brigadier General and Commissary General, December 22, 1892.

Brevet Major General U. S. Army for gallant and meritorious service during the Siege of Mobile, and in the field during the war.

Retired September 29, 1894, 64 years of age.

1408 North Pennsylvania Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana, 1913.

JANE B. CRAIG—1861

AFTERWORD.

Jane Bethune Craig Hawkins departed this life at Indianapolis, Ind., April 13, 1913. My best friend and loving companion during 45 years of married life; a good wife and loving daughter. She cherished the memory of her father and mother and it was her greatest and frequent pleasure to speak of them and of her brother, Presley, whom she adored. They have welcomed her into Paradise and are now happy with each other.

"Is It Well With the Child?"
"It Is Well."

Mrs. Hawkins was a member of the Board of Managers of the "Indianapolis Home for Aged Women" and felt a great interest in its prosperity, and the comfort and happiness of its inmates. I have given to the Home, as a memorial to her, one thousand dollars, and, in appreciation of the gift, the Board of Managers has resolved that, on the 10th of every October,—her wedding day,—it will decorate with loose flowers, her grave, and that of our child by her side in Crown Hill Cemetery, and that at the monthly meeting of the Board just preceding the 10th of October, after finishing current business, it will resolve itself into a meeting commemorative of her, when will be read the hymn, "Brief Life Is Here Our Portion," to be followed by reading or singing "Hark! Hark! My Soul, Angelic Songs are Swelling."

MEMORANDA OF THE HAWKINS FAMILY AND CONNECTIONS

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